

THE SPIRIT



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THE SPIRIT

Vol. 1

NOVEMBER 1911

No. 1

Published four times a year by the Students
in the Interests of the Ames High School

30 Cents a Year.

Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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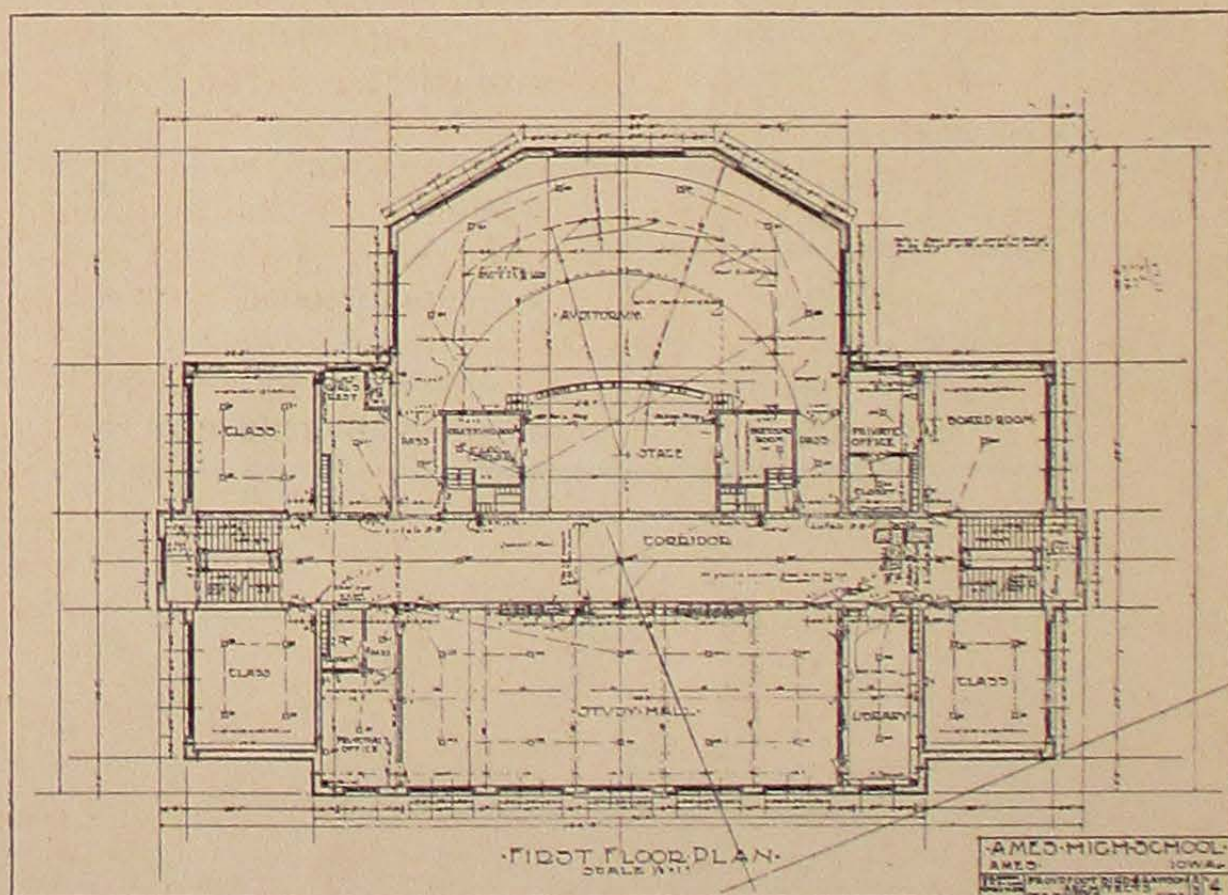
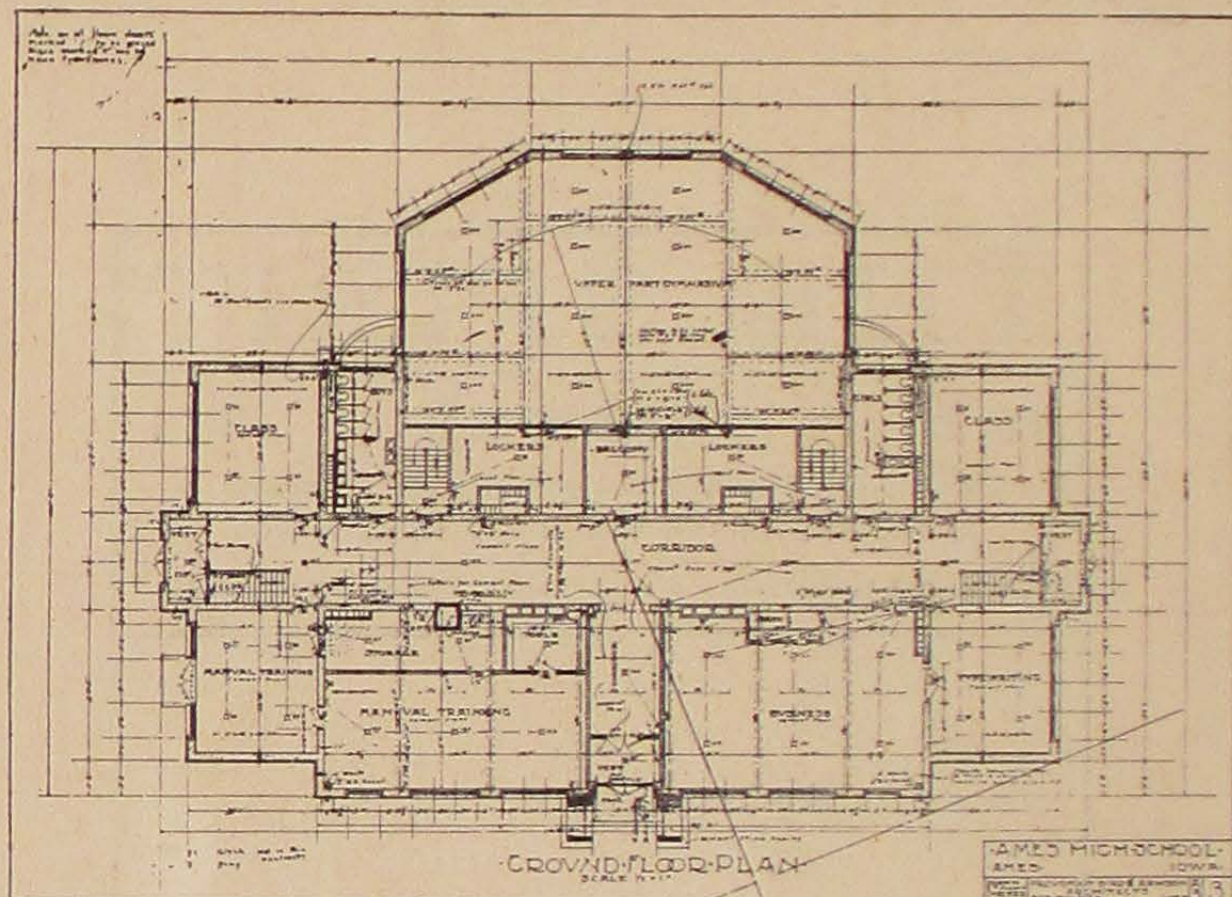
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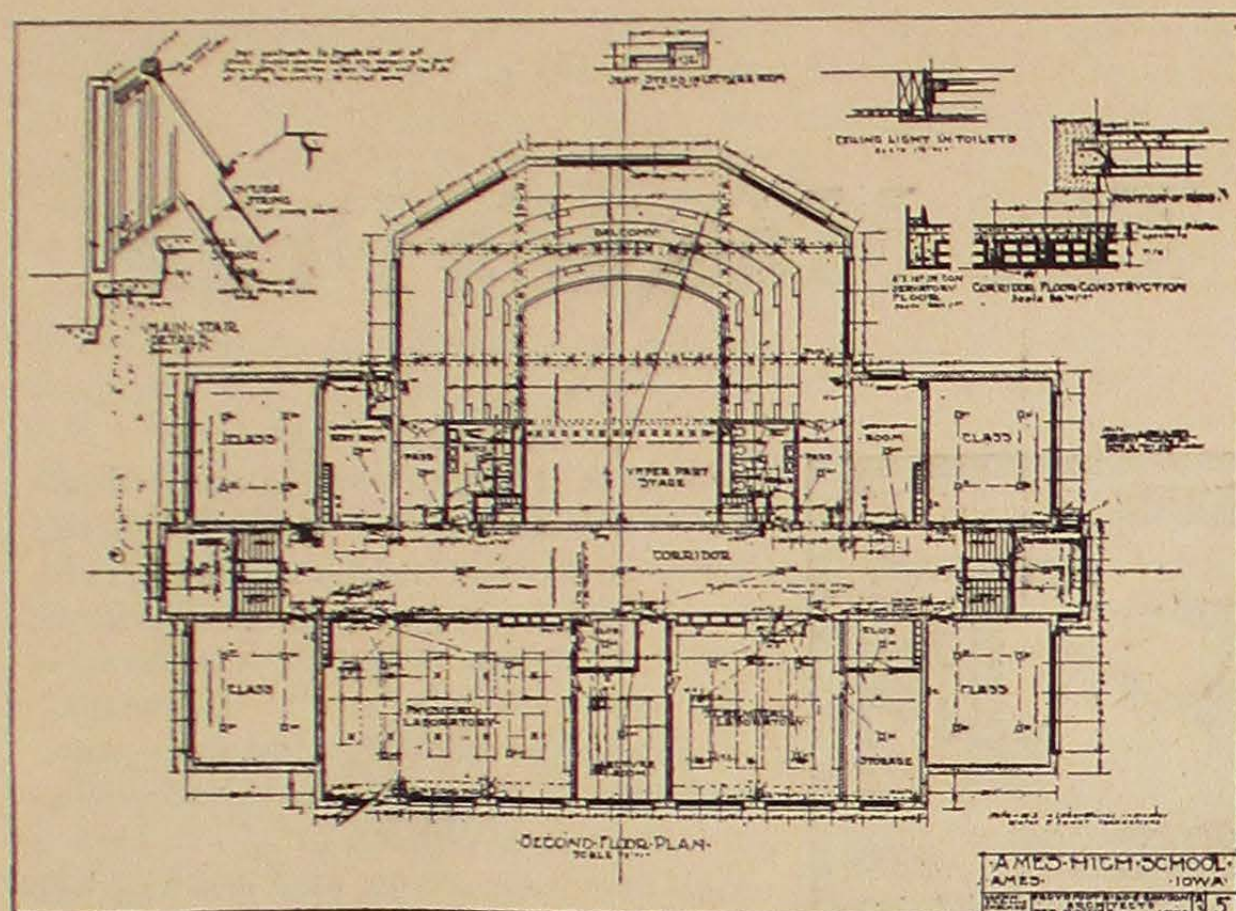
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Floor Plans of the New High School Building





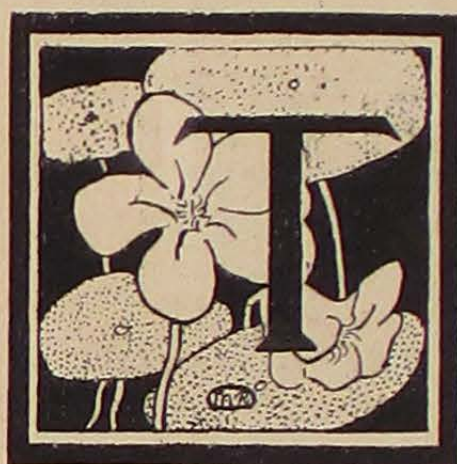
In this first issue we give our student body and people the floor plans of Ames' new high school building. Ames High has long felt the need of a new and a larger building, and she is looking forward to occupying the new one with a perfectly legitimate pride.

The new building with its larger and better accommodations will mean that stronger and better work needs to be done. The laboratory facilities will give opportunity for better science work, and the commercial work can be emphasized.

The ground floor provides for manual training rooms, commercial rooms, class rooms, and gymnasium. On the first floor are class rooms, offices, library, rest room, study hall and auditorium. The second floor provides for class rooms, rest room and the laboratories with lecture rooms.

The contractor is pushing the work rapidly and September, 1912, will find us in our new building and with enlarged work.

The Master's Price



HERE was a time, when among those who dwelt in the valley of the Tarn, there lived two brothers named Ardo and Arin, who, being mere children, spent their time in wandering through the valley and climbing to the summit of the cliffs. And the brothers grew to know all the inhabitants as friends and to love all the land of their home. They loved the river, and would walk hand in hand along its bank listening

to its wondrous song; they would watch the flight of the wild bird toward the clouds above the craggy cliffs and wonder in what far up place the nest might be; they would gather the flowers from every glen and sit quiet with them for hours hoping that they might whisper some secret that lay within their beauty, and at night they would look out upon their land steeped in dim shadows and wonder about the stars and listen to the tiny innumerable voices of the night. From the first flush of morning until the parting glory of the day the hills, and the valley, and the river sang, and laughed, and played with them and taught them the great lessons, so that their souls were as pure as the flowers they loved and their hearts were filled with naught but happiness.

Now the father of the two brothers possessed a beautiful garden which lay at the foot of the greatest cliff, and it was in that garden that the brothers loved best to play, for there the sun shone brightest, and the shadows spoke of peace; the river gleamed gold, and silver, and blue; the winds laughed and sang, and the flowers bloomed in profusion. There every tree, every leaf, every vine glowed with life, and there the brothers seemed to glow with the same life that could be felt in every living thing.

One day, while they played just within the gates of the garden, they came upon a strange flower—a flower radiantly white—with the mark of a cross on each of its four petals. And when Ardo had plucked it another sprang up, this time outside of the gates, and when he had plucked it also, another sprung up a little way before him in the path so that he was filled

with amazement and something akin to fear. But Arin, the bolder of the two, led the way up the cliff's side along the path of flowers. When they had reached the summit of the cliff they came to a great white gate, and the flowers ceased blooming. Looking through the bars of the gate they saw a great garden—a garden of amazing splendor—over whose waves of green meadow-land lay a jeweled spray of flowers, gold, and white, and blue. Far into the distance stretched cool, dim aisles of forest, and through it all ran a river of gold and sapphire. The great crimson cliffs, deepening into purple in the peaceful shadows, fell abruptly down on all sides closing in the scene. In the air was perfume, and song, and laughter, and a great peace.

The brothers held their breath in awe, for they had never dreamed of such wonder, and Ardo whispered, "It is the garden of a very rich man; for it is far more beautiful than our father's."

And Arin said, "We will enter." But the gate would not open and they were turning away when a voice called to them, and they saw One walking through the garden whose face was one of love and compassion, and He spoke gently unto them, "How comest thou here?"

And Ardo answered, saying, "The flowers led us."

"Wilt thou enter in?" the voice asked, and the gate swung open, so that the brothers saw more clearly the beauty that lay within, and the great peace came through the gate to them. Then they made haste to enter. But the voice spoke again. "Those who enter in must pay a price. Cast away thy flowers, ye can bring nothing in."

Then Ardo would have thrown away his flowers but Arin spoke thus, "Do not so, my brother. Keep what thou hast, lest throwing it away ye have nothing. We know not what lies within."

The Master of the garden smiled a smile of knowledge in which Arin had no part and He said, "There is joy and peace within."

But Arin would not listen and he drew his brother away. Then the Master spoke unto Ardo. "Wouldst enter in?"

"Yes, but my brother will not and I must not leave him for I am the older."

"Thou turnest from happiness for thy brother's sake?"

"Gladly, Master."

Whereupon the Master passed His hand across the child's brow and said, "I give thee my mark. Go forth and know the joy of service, and the beauty of sacrifice." Then the gate swung shut and the brothers were left alone.

And Arin, on turning to speak to his brother, was filled with astonishment for there gleamed upon Ardo's brow a radiant white cross, and he said, "My brother, we will go from this

place." And turning their faces away from the great gate they set out silently for their father's garden.

They grew to be men, and into Arin's life had come great riches and many honors. Kings spoke his name in wonder, and men bowed before him for report of his fame had gone through all the countries round about, and he was known as the greatest, and the wisest man the world had ever known.

It was not so with Ardo. To him had come no riches; his name was unknown to the great for he was a humble man with no wish for worldly fame. The toilers of the field, and the burdened would turn their faces toward the setting sun at the day's end and breathe his name in a blessing; the vilest of the earth whispered his name in the first prayer they had uttered since they knelt at their mother's knee; mothers blessed him, and little children touched his garments reverently when he passed. His life was a lesson of faith, and a message of love.

Now it chanced that Arin, when passing through a poor part of the country with a princely and magnificent train of followers, and with all the pomp and splendor that wealth can make, came one day upon his brother toiling in a field among the reapers, and straightway he called unto him, for he was filled with a great longing for days gone by, and wished to see once more the home of his childhood. So bidding his followers wait for him he took Ardo by the hand and together they journeyed toward the valley of the Tarn.

And when they had come to the garden that had been their father's, they found blooming within the gates the strange white flower, and when the man Arin had plucked it another sprung up and yet another. So the brothers followed the path of flowers to the cliff's summit and again came upon the great white gate.

Again it opened and One came through the garden to them and spoke thus, "Wouldst enter now?"

But when Ardo would have entered, Arin drew him back. "Thy price is too great, Master. I have great riches and much honor, which I cannot cast away to enter in. My brother has nothing to pay, yet he may enter."

Again the Master smiled a smile of knowledge in which Arin had no part, and he spoke unto Ardo. "What hast thou?"

And Ardo answered, "I have no gold or honors, Master, but I am rich in love, and friendship and happiness. Yet gladly would I leave all behind and enter in."

"These things ye leave not behind. Love, friendship, and happiness are thine through all eternity. Wouldst enter in?"

Then Arin said, "I have neither father or mother nor any kin and my brother must remain."

And Ardo said, "For my brother's sake, Master, he has need of me."

Then the Master blessed him and the gate swung shut. And Arin looking into his brother's face saw a great peace there and a cross shining upon his brow, and he said, "We will go from this place, and you shall have riches and live in state with me." But Ardo would not and he went his way among the poor, saying, "When thou hast need of me I shall come."

After a while the brothers grew to be old men, upon whose brows lay the snows of the last winter. And Arin's riches and fame had brought him hate and jealousy in his old age. Among all the men who bowed before him there was not one to love him and call him friend, but they spoke his name with curses for they suffered because of his greed for wealth and power. All the glory and joy of life, all its friendship and love and faith he had thrust from him down into a deep grave, and then, lest in any way they be resurrected, he had built over the grave a great monument of hate, and bitterness, and cruel power, so that any man watching beside that grave saw naught but the cold stone. But the day came when he grew very weary and he sent for his brother Ardo, saying, "I have need of thee. We will journey to the garden of our childhood."

And together they passed through the valley of the Tarn to the garden at the foot of the cliffs, and again they found the white flower and followed the path. When they had climbed mid-way Arin paused to rest and looking into the face of his brother saw not the face of an old man, but the face of a little child on whose brow gleamed a white cross, and he said, "Ardo, my brother, look into my face and tell me what you see."

And Ardo replied, "I see the face of a very old man."

Then Arin sighed. "I am weary," he said. "When we reach the garden I shall rest."

When they came to the great gate the Master came unto them and asked again, "Wouldst enter in?"

And Arin answered, "Yes, Master, for we are weary."

"What hast thou to leave behind?"

"Riches and honor; hate and envy. These will I leave behind."

Again the Master smiled a smile of knowledge in which Arin had no part. "Riches and honor ye may leave behind, but ye cannot cast away that which is in your heart. Go, my son, while there is yet time and make men love thee. This is my price, that ye bring to me love and faith and peace, and that ye leave behind in the hearts of all men love and faith and peace."

Then into Arin's soul came a flash of white radiance, and he knew the Master of the garden was his master and the Master of all men. And with this knowledge was born a great longing and lifting up his face to the One above him he cried out, "Father! Master! teach me how!"

And Ardo, taking his brother's hand, said, "I will go back o'er the way with thee, and help thee."

Then in his heart Arin built his first altar and laid upon it his first sacrifice. "No, my brother. Enter and receive thy reward; it is right that I go alone."

The Master smiled a wondrous smile, and Ardo, looking into his brother's face cried out with great joy, for the face was one of a little child on whose brow was a shining cross. And he said, "Nay, I will go with thee."

So they journeyed together away from the great gate, down into a world of sorrow and shadow, to cast into bitter hearts some light of love. And the Master's smile and blessing came down the long way after them. JEAN DILLABEAUX.

LOCAL AND SOCIAL

Misses Schreiner and Johnson attended the West High game in Des Moines. While there Miss Schreiner visited her friend, Miss Miriam Woolson Brooks, history instructor at West High.

Misses Hannah Valentine and Mattie Farnum attended the West High game at Des Moines. Messrs. Donald Scovel and Loney Raynes accompanied the basket ball girls to Story City.

For one whole week Ames High had the pleasure of having in its ranks a Filipino by the name of Francisco Azarraga. We have now lost Mr. Azarraga for he is Spanish tutor at the college. The High school misses him and regrets his leaving, for he would have made a valuable addition to the orchestra, as he played the cello.

Miss Payton was obliged to be out of school for a few days on account of illness, but is now back at her work again. Miss Knudson also missed one day on account of illness.

A company of High school boys and girls went out to the Morris home recently and surprised Edward on the evening of his birthday.

ALUMNI

The first alumni of A. H. S. graduated in 1881, and since then the classes have gone forth into the world in numbers varying from one or two in a few instances to fifty-six, the number that graduated in 1909 and 1910. We therefore have a large and varied number of people to furnish material for this alumni corner.

It may be interesting to the readers to know that of the alumni there are eighty-five enrolled in Iowa State College at the present time. A list of these may be given at some later time.

Two members out of the six who graduated in 1881 were permitted to talk over old times recently, when Mrs. Kittie Barret-Carlton of Early, Iowa, visited Mrs. Henry Wilson. The class of '81 was composed of six girls.

ATHLETIC

FOOT BALL

The 1911 football season was opened with plenty of vim by a meeting of about one hundred boys in the high school assembly room on the evening of September 11. The new rules were discussed and a good strong talk delivered by Coach Roach.

After a month of signal drill and good hard scrimmaging a team began to round into form. There were lots of vacancies to fill as five veterans of last year's team were missing and among them Cameron and Hultz, the stars of last year's squad. Among the promising new material that was to fill the gaps, were McDowell, Davis, Griffith, Ghrist, W. Thomas, Brintnall and Sellers, some of whom played on last year's second team. Keen competition made the fellows work hard and only those who worked hard got a position on the first team.

Here the work of the coach must be commended. By making the fellows quit smoking and working them hard every minute he has put them in good condition. Assisted greatly by Prof. Neidig and Harry Greenlee, Roach has succeeded in instilling a good knowledge of football into the squad.

And right here the work of Harry Greenlee must be mentioned. As captain, student, manager and assistant coach, he has loomed up equally great in all departments. By showing a great knowledge of the game the elements of a leader and organizer and an admirable spirit of fair play. "Scott" has proved to be a grand old captain and a man whose name Ames High will always be proud to have on her records. He plays consistent, hard, ball and when those last few yards are needed so badly "Scott" is the man who gets them. Without him Ames would have little chance on the gridiron this fall. With him, they play a mighty strong game. In other words, "Scott" is the team's backbone.

Quite a bit of pepper was aroused over the opening game with West High on Sept. 30. A special car was secured and over fifty took advantage of it and went to Des Moines. Everybody was hoping for a dry field as West outweighed us ten pounds to the man. Luck was against Ames. The Stadium was as sloppy as ever before in its history and West shoved us

over the goal line by main strength and superior weight. Not without a hard fight, however, as the 11 to 5 score indicates. Will Davis made the only score for Ames by capturing one of West's forward passes. It was a hard fought game and Des Moines' weight won it. Ames played a clean game and the deportment of the Ames players and rooters was a thing commented upon favorably by West High and Des Moines in general.

On Oct. 7 a game was scheduled at Marshalltown. Many "fear stories" were about and Marshalltown had it "doped out" that they were in line for the state championship. Ames upset their "dope can" by getting the big end of the 11 to 0 score. The work of Will Davis was easily the feature of the contest and he made all the scores. The Register and Leader called him a whirlwind and predicted a great future for him on the grid-iron.

Packer seemed to be "the whole show" on the Marshalltown team. Consequently when he met up with "Mike" Griffith and got the worst of the meeting, "the stuff was off," and Marshalltown played like a bunch of cubs. It was a clean, hard fought victory and every man on the team deserves much credit for his share in it.

The night of the game the students had a parade and a little bonfire on the school grounds as an indication of their joy at the result.

Saturday morning, Oct. 21, found the first and second teams and about fifty rooters catching the 9:50 to Boone. A hard game was expected and realized. The conditions that Ames ran up against there are nearly unbelievable. Besides playing two ineligible men and having their roughneck rooters yell when Ames had the ball so that we could not get signals. Boone slugged and played unfairly every time they got the chance. Boone won by a score of 6 to 0. However, the game cannot be counted as a Boone High victory over Ames High. It was a Boone town team against Ames High and is not recognized on the conference score sheets. The second team lost 11 to 0.

On Saturday, Oct. 28, the first game on the home grounds was held with Fort Dodge. A good crowd was on hand by 3 o'clock, at which time the game was called. From the first the weight of the Fort Dodge line and the effect of her superior coaching told heavily upon Ames. Fort Dodge showed a machine-like movement and a snap which Ames did not and by these superior qualities deserved the big end of the 8 to 0 score, which they received.

The Fort Dodge game was a great game to watch. It was clean and hard and in it no spirit but that of fair play was expressed. This spirit was also carried out in the sidelines and Fort Dodge went away with nothing but praise for the recep-

tion they received at Ames.

Friday night, Nov. 3, the team left for Cherokee. After a hard trip of five hours on a stub line, they arrived at their destination at 11 o'clock p. m. This hard trip no doubt put the fellows in a bad way and they were not at their best when the whistle blew. Cherokee took the game by a score of 11 to 6. Greenlee made the touchdown for Ames and Davis added the point. In the last half "Short" Russell got loose and crossed Cherokee's goal line after a good run. He had gone outside and so was called back. Ames' greatest weakness seemed to be in her line. Although it braced and held beautifully sometimes, it did not do consistent work.

The fellows report a square deal and excellent treatment while at Cherokee. Ames High appreciates that greatly.

TENNIS

The annual fall tryouts for the tennis team were quite lengthy this fall on account of the many aspirants for positions. After about a week of preliminaries the best material was selected and in the finals Julius Beach and Morrill Marston came out victorious.

A game was scheduled with North High for Oct. 14. On account of rain the game was delayed until Oct. 21. At this date North High came up and played Ames High on the Dairy courts.

Ames easily took the singles. Marston by a score of 6-2, 6-3, and Beach by 6-3, 6-4. The doubles were fast and furious. Neither side outclassed the other and it became a game of endurance. Here North High had the advantage and when the sets stood 15-16 they took the deciding set, making the contest a tie.

The Ames boys played a good hard game, Marston showing up especially at times, although the boys are about even.

As no more games are scheduled this fall, tennis is over with until spring.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

In September the girls' athletic association was reorganized with 14 girls to play basket ball, and once more the girls were to be seen chasing a refractory ball about the field. Miss Pammel was chosen for the coach and very ably trained the team. Violet Pammel was elected captain for the second time and was as popular this year as she was last. Only three games were scheduled, two of which have been played. The first, Ames vs. Story City. at Story, resulted in a tie. Upon playing it out Ames was the winner by three points, making the score 8 to 5. The next game was with Jefferson and was such a walk-away that it was almost a joke. The score was 26 to 1 in our

favor, and I think nothing could explain the game better than that score. One more game with Jefferson at Jefferson will be played on Friday, November 24, in the evening. Help the girls keep their record clean. The Ames team is made up mostly of stars. Mary Darner is a phenomnan at throwing baskets, and Violet, well, just watch her guard once and you will know why Ames always wins. Lisette Metzger, however, has been complimented by all visiting teams as the best player on the team. She is little but oh, my! The team wants every one to go over Friday with them to Jefferson and few can offer excuse because we go and get back in the evening, and if the boys' mothers will be worried about them just tell them Miss Schreiner has promised to look after all of the children and return them home unharmed. At present we do not know whether this means up to their own doors or not, but the doubt should be an inducement.

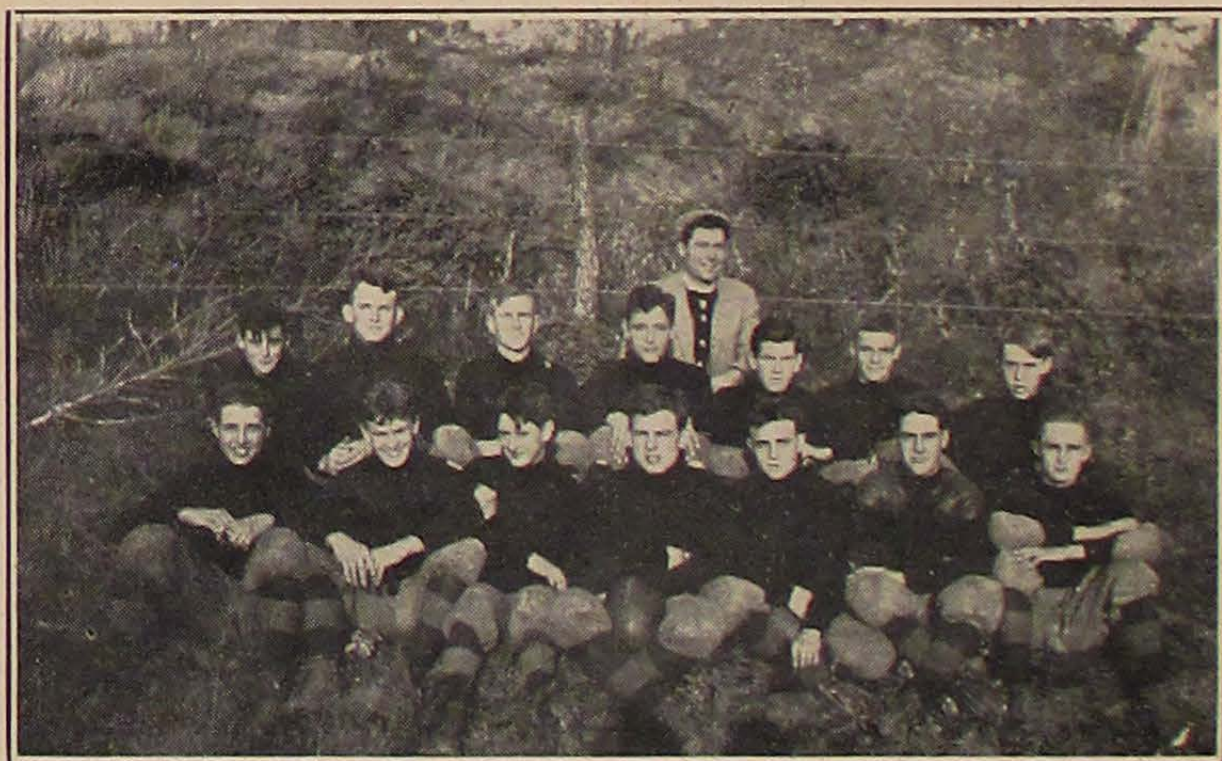
Team—

Forwards—Mary Darner, Marie Ferguson.

Guards—Violet Pammel, Velma Griffith.

Centers—Edith Curtiss, Lisette Metzger or Helen King.

Substitutes—Loretta Harriman, Edith Read.



Ames High School Foot Ball Team of 1911

EDITORIAL

"The Spirit" makes its initial appearance with this issue. This first number will not be perfect, but we hope to receive a hearty welcome from the students, faculty, board of education, alumni, and all friends of public education who come in touch with it. More than this, we hope to be deserving of such welcome, for it shall be our purpose to represent to the best of our ability all those things which tend to make high school life pleasant and profitable, and which have made our school the pride of the community, a position in which we hope to remain.

We shall concentrate our greatest efforts, however small they may be, along these lines.

The work is distributed among different editors in such a way that each will be able to do the best for his department and at the same time stand in the way of no other.

Each editor will do his best to boost his department to the fullest extent, and the combined efforts of all will make The Spirit a successful living paper. Although many difficulties may confront us, we mean to meet and defeat them as they arise.

The purposes of the paper are many; some great, others minor. It is intended to help the school, as a whole, in many ways, and its influence should be great. The paper will give the people outside of school a chance to know what is being done there besides the daily routine work and the public will be made acquainted with the splendid work of the high school organizations. It will help to keep the reader in touch with these things, and the more one learns of such activities the more enthusiasm he will have. Thus school spirit will be aroused and strengthened for it is true that the more helpful the spirit of a student is the better will be his work.

We hope that this paper will not only increase the spirit of the school, but that it will also raise the standing of Ames High School in the eyes of other schools.

Now that the high school publishes a paper it will be put on an equal plane with the many other prominent schools of the state.

The Spirit is published for a profit, but not for a pecuniary one. It is hoped the benefits received by all will more than

pay for the time and money expended in publishing it. The benefits derived from writing and publishing a paper are many, and we hope those accruing to the readers will be in the same proportion.

The school spirit of Ames High would be increased if each individual would see, not what honors he can win for himself, but how many he can help the school to win. Then stand by the school whether it wins or loses; always boosting for the school, never knocking against it.

As you know there are many ways in which high school spirit may be shown. Some do not comprehend where the line between spirit and rowdyism should be drawn. All forms of high school enthusiasm can be classed under one or the other of these two heads.

Before one intends to demonstrate his spirit it would be better to think it over before doing so and determine under which head it will fall. He will then know whether he will be considered as a booster or otherwise.

The Intelligencer and Times have done a great deal for the schools. They have always given free publication to work of the school and as The Spirit is not published to retard any other paper, we hope that in the future the Ames papers will continue to notify the public of the work of the school in the splendid way they have done in the past. Many high schools do not have the consistent support of the city papers as we do here and the faculty and students highly appreciate this fact.

HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

There is nothing, I believe, we look forward to as much as high school assemblies. The regular assemblies on Tuesday morning after first period are always very interesting and sometimes especially so. In these assemblies various talents of the different members of the H. S. are displayed and it has proved to us that we have a great many in our midst whom we can well be proud of.

In more ways than one is the assembly a good thing. In the first place it is one time in the week when all the members of the H. S. are brought together to enjoy whatever treat there may be on the program, and this tends to create a fellow feeling in the school without which no school is complete. On the other hand it helps to divert the student's attention from his class work for a short time so that when he goes back to it he can go back with a vim. "Variety is the spice of life," you know. Then again in the regular Tuesday morning assembly there is always the chapel exercise. Perhaps to some this part is not quite as interesting as other parts of the program, but it is the duty of the

H. S. to help the students cultivate a taste for the "higher values."

Sometimes there is a treat in the line of assemblies such as the "pep" assembly, either before or after any H. S. game. In these assemblies we sometimes have our eyes opened by brilliant speeches made by the different students, not mentioning the teachers. At first the speakers had a tendency to apologize for their speeches, but one day Miss Schreiner had a bright idea and before any speeches were made said she would apologize for all, not that they needed it at all, but so there would not be so many unnecessary apologies. This saved a great deal of time and certainly improved the speeches. The "yelling stunt" in these assemblies is of no less interest, and from the way some yell, one would scarcely imagine they could recite next period. But that is the way to do; show your spirit and yell just as loud as you can for that is what Orville (our yell leader) wants, and he should have a reward for his efforts. After the football games Mr. Roach's vivid descriptions are eagerly expected and greatly enjoyed. They always make us feel intensely proud to think we have a good square football team. We have had only a few assemblies so far in which basket ball and tennis were introduced, but we hope to hear more of them in the future.

On the whole we all look forward to the assemblies with interest and certainly enjoy the performances of our fellow students. and hope the time will never come when assemblies will be eliminated from the regular routine of H. S. life.

HIGH SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

High School Boys' Y. M. C. A.

The regular meeting of the H. S. Y. M. C. A. was held November 7th, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The topic for discussion was, "Our School Ideals." Plans were made for the annual conference to be held at Fort Dodge December 8, 9 and 10. The regular meetings are held every Tuesday evening at 7:30 and interesting programs are carried out. There is an object in every meeting. Every boy in the High School should "get the habit" and join this wonderful organization, known as the High School Young Men's Christian Association.

The Dissenters

The Dissenters Literary Society was organized about eight years ago. The work for this year began the last Thursday

evening of September. This society was then open to all Junior and Senior boys. The following officers were elected: President, Clair Taylor; Vice-President, Franklin Hambleton; Secretary, Richard Arnold; Treasurer, Julius Beach; Marshal, Stephen Laughran. The program committee consists of the president, secretary, two other members of the society, and a member of the faculty. Paul Storm and Carrell McCarthy, with Clair Taylor, Richard Arnold and Mr. Champlain form this committee. A motion was passed at this meeting allowing the Sophomore boys to join.

The usual program is something like this: First, music, next a reading, followed by a paper on some current subject, or an extemporaneous speech, and last a debate. There is a business meeting after the close of the program and we close the meeting with either parliamentary drill, mock senate, mock trial or something on that order. The meeting usually lasts about an hour and a half.

All the boys in the three upper classes are urged to join and the alumni members and the faculty are always welcome.

The Juntos

The "Junto," or Girls' Literary Society of Ames High, was organized five years ago, and the work for this year began, as has been the previous custom, on the first Friday in October. The officers elected for this semester were as follows: President, Beth Wellman; Vice-President, Margaret Noble; Secretary, Marie Ferguson; Treasurer, Daisy Mellor; Chaplain, Edith Curtiss; Guard, Janette Knapp. The following committees were appointed by the President: The Program Committee, Genevieve Graves, chairman, Anna Judge and Mattie Farnum; Investigation Committee: Violet Pammel, chairman; Edna Clark and Blanche Wasser.

The meetings are held on Friday afternoon of every week. The program which begins at 4:30 and lasts usually an hour and a quarter, consists of parliamentary practice, original papers, reports on current events, debate, dialogue, some extemporaneous speaking, usually several musical numbers, and on special occasions a farce or a short play closes the program. The work as a whole is not only very interesting, but helpful and beneficial in many ways, and we urge every Junior and Senior girl to join. All teachers are honorary members, and have the privileges of the society, except that of voting. Alumni visitors are always welcome.

CLASS NOTES

The Ninth grade had a meeting November 7th and elected officers as follows: President, Judson Zentmire; vice-president, Don Butler; secretary, Meryl Rutherford; treasurer, Leta Sylvester.

At a meeting of the Sophomores Monday, Nov. 6, the following officers were elected: President, Frank Mixa; vice-president, Leslie Lynch; treasurer, Mae George; secretary, Helen King; social committee, chairman, La Verne Buckton, Richard Conway, Eloise Minkler, Violet McDonald. Following the meeting the class color committee selected the colors maroon and white for the Sophomores.

Bom-a-lecka-Boom-a-lecka, chow, chow, chow,

We will, we will, show you how.

We can be heard, and we can be seen,

Juniors—Juniors—1913.

The Junior class held a meeting Monday, Nov. 6, in Room 7, for the purpose of organization. The following officers were elected by ballot: President, Harry Greenlee; vice-president, Richard Arnold; secretary, Edith Curtiss; treasurer, Jeanette Knapp.

The Senior class organized October 26, 1911, and elected the following officers: President, Ira Arthur; vice-president, Paul Storm; secretary, Genevieve Graves; treasurer, Merrill Griffith. October 30th a second meeting was held and a committee on class pins was appointed by the president. The committee consists of Daisy Mellor, chairman; Lois Pammel and Merrill Griffith.

Ames High has five new teachers this year: Miss Belle Johnson, history teacher; Mr. Champlin and Mr. Roach with our new music teacher, Miss Emily Johnson, and Miss Henderson, our drawing teacher, make a very desirable addition to our High school faculty.

A prize of \$2.50 has been offered by Frank Mixa, one of the H. S. boys, for the best original H. S. yell. Several yells have been handed in, but as yet it has not been decided as to which shall have the prize. The yells were tried out at one of the assemblies and all were good. Such originality as was displayed certainly deserves a prize.

The school board has very generously furnished song books for the entire High school, so that now we may have music by everyone at our assemblies.

Genevieve Graves, '12, entertained some of the High school girls at a Hallowe'en party.

Neva McDowell has returned from Colorado and is attending High school.

MASON & GIBSON
SUITORIUM

Pants Pressed
12½c per leg
Seats Free

Music While You Wait

TRY OUR TAILORMADES

CITIZENS
LUMBER
CO.

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OF QUALITY"

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One dollar starts a savings account with us. Add to it every week or every month and you will soon have a little sum that will continue to grow until some day it may be the means of making an important turning point in your career.

4 Per Cent per annum paid on Savings Accounts.
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5 Per Cent per annum paid on Time Deposits.

M. A. MANNING, Cashier

W. H. JAMESON

WHO IS YOUR
CLOTHIER?

—
IF WE ARE NOT,
WHY NOT?

W. H. JAMESON

You will be getting
a good start toward
success if you early
cultivate the Savings
Habit.

The Union National Bank

will welcome any High
School Student who
wishes to open an ac-
count, if only for one
dollar. DO IT NOW!

You cannot make too firm
a decision too soon to begin to
save.

Your labor avails you no-
thing unless you DO save.

Begin now, in the spring of
your life to deposit your money
in this bank, that in the au-
tumn of your life you may
reap the benefits thereof.

THE STORY COUNTY BANK AMES,
IOWA

ALWAYS HERE!

Bananas, Grapes, Let-
tuce, Apples, Persim-
mons, Grape Fruit,
Candy, Cigars,
Etc.

FRANK B. SPENCE
AMES, IOWA

"BUY OUR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW US"
Class of '83

Late Again

Same old excuse
WATCH STOPPED

But then you knew
it was not reliable, why
not lay it aside and
buy one of those ser-
viceable ones I have to
sell—Hamilton, How-
ard, Elgin, Waltham,
etc.

Yours for Business
Geo. E. Baker

—For Good—

CANDY

Factory or Home Made

CHEWING GUM

PEANUTS

POPCORN

popped or unpopped

Call on

HOWARD ADAMS

I make my own Candy
and guarantee it
fresh and
pure

The Only Woman

A young lady alighted from a car in the principal street in a large city. Many eyes followed her as she entered the door of a large store. There the owners of these eyes went on about their business, but wondered as they did so why they had been compelled to look, for certainly something had drawn their attention.

She was dressed neatly in a brown silk and wore a hat that followed the fashion of the time. She had no striking features and walked in an ordinary manner.

Suddenly she reappeared and again made her way amid the throng. Again curious eyes were turned upon her. Many turned around for a second look and still wondered why they did so.

Why? Few solved the problem that puzzled so many. Few realized that it was the absence of something rather than the presence that drew their attention. Few saw that she was the only woman who passed along the crowded thoroughfare, the only woman who passed along any thoroughfare, the only woman whom they met on the cars, that she was the only woman in the great metropolis *without a bag!*—*Marjorie Summers.*

THINGS AMUSING

Mr. Champlin (in Ag. class): Mr. Ross, did you ever see potatoes sprouting?

Ralph Ross: No, but I've seen them after they did sprout.

In the shade of the Geomatree,
Where the sense in the leaves we can't see,
And the exams we've had
Sent us all to the bad
In the shade of the Geomatree.

Heard in the halls after quarterlies:
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: I've flunked (again).
"Here's to our parents and teachers,
May they never meet."

An incident in German class:

"You may begin the third verse, Glen, 'Du liebes Kind——'"

Glen Muier (on not hearing the question put him in class):
"That's funny, Mr. Champlin, but I was just going to ask you that." Quite quick-witted, wasn't he?

New Latin verb—Flunko-fluncere-facultyfixus.

Miss Bray (after hearing some original poetry): That's all right, Marie, but your feet are too long.

The Home Economics instructor: Miss Graves, you must not sit down while washing dishes.

Genieve (meekly): I'm not sitting, Miss Dean.

Special news has reached us that Miss Knudson *loves* butter-scotch. Boys! here's your chance.

Tillie Schlissel translates in German that, "the applause utterly disconnected the boy."

The geometrical definition that "a straight line is the shortest path between two points" seems to apply to two of our friends. (See Row 4, Seat 9, and Row 6, Seat 16, for the points.)

Mr. Champlin's exam query: What would you look for if you went to buy a cow?

Harriet Wilkinson (after much meditation): A cow.

And the paper came back marked O. K.

Puzzle—If Miss Sue Knudson cried would Miss Estelle Bray?

PERSONIFICATIONS.

Fate—Miss Schriener's office.

Innocence—A "Prep."

Harmony (?)—Senior class meeting.

Speed—"Short" when the furnace puffs.

Eloquence—Karl Clapper.

Aristocracy—The faculty.

Vanity—"Eggie."

Wisdom—Morrill.

Happiness—Wayne Thomas.

Hope—The Juniors.

Judgment—Mr. Hicks.

Bauge & Alm

"The Shoe Men"

You'll get very fine values here at any price, but we call your particular attention to the splendid shoes we're selling at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. You'll find them the best you ever owned at any price

THE ARBOR



A Dainty Refreshment
Parlor for Dainty
People

A cozy place to wait
for your car

L. J. LYNCH, Prop.

School Supplies

and Small No-
tions of all
kinds at

PERRY'S
Cash Dep't
Store



THIS IS THE STORE

—That Sells—

HIGH QUALITY MERCHANDISE
AT REASONABLE PRICES

Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods, Hats, Gloves and
Furnishings

Agents for Spaulding's and Tilden's Sporting
Goods and School Novelties



NOW IS THE TIME

—To Buy—

PENNANTS, BANNERS, PILLOWS
and other high grade School Novelties

Get your order in before the Thanksgiving and Holiday rush

When you buy, ask for The Tilden make—
Novelties that Satisfy

TILDEN BROTHERS & COMPANY

Vol 1 - no 2

THE SPIRIT



“THE FAIR”

Chas. Kaufman and Bros. Pre-Shrunk Clothing

Ralston Shoes

-

Stetson Hats

A full line of Spauldings Sporting Goods

Suits made to measure, \$15.00

“THE FAIR”

: :

Ames, Iowa

To the Class of 1913

Be sure and give
your local men a chance
to figure on your

**CLASS PINS
and RINGS**

and save money

C. W. Dudgeon
JEWELER

Ames, - Iowa

School and
Miscellaneous
Books

Stationery

School
Supplies

and

Toilet Articles

—at—

**JUDISCH
BROS.**

"THE FIRST DAY"

Remember when you were a prep
How you did proudly say
That you would show you had some sense
And would not lose your way.

Remember then when school was called
And you directions heard
The thought of ever getting lost—
How perfectly absurd!

Remember how you went to class
In English, at first bell
And when the others laughed at you,
You hastened out pell mell.

You next to assembly room did go
And thought that you were placed
Till some one told you t'was his seat
And then you left with haste.

Then many more mistakes you made
Before the day did end.
A shamefaced countenance you wore
As you your way did wend.

No more did you so proudly boast,
Or tell what you would do
Instead you took the counsel wise
Which others offered you.

—Beth Wellman, '12.

"OUR FACULTY"

Mr. Hicks is our superintendent.
He is always most independent.
He is here and there,
And is liked everywhere.
In trouble he always can mend it.

Our principal is Miss Schreiner,
And surely she is no repiner.
She is ever about
And straightens thing out.
Never has a teacher been finer.

Our English teacher is Miss Bray.
Her spirits are light as a wist of hay.
 She laughs and she whistles,
 And pulls up the thistles
That grow in the poor children's way.

Our Physics teacher is Mr. Roach.
He is also our football coach.
He is much against smoking,
 And boys on the street loafing.
Gentlemen's standard he'd have them approach.

Miss Johnson's our History teacher.
Of order she need be no preacher.
 She comes to school early,
 And never looks surly,
And none in her line can reach her.

Miss Boyd teaches pupils Bookkeeping.
In her classes we do little sleeping.
 We make out many bills,
 And we fill up our tills.
Till we think that much wealth we are reaping.

Miss Wakefield has Geometry.
Makes us busy as we can be.
 If we once risk her frown,
 Our names must go down
For a check mark 'gainst our industry.

Mr. Champlin holds forth in room nine.
That new room where the boards are of pine.
 The seats twenty-four.
 There's room for no more.
In Agriculture and Botany he's fine.

Miss Payton seems to have a pull.
Of talk on English she is full.
 If we are so brave,
 That we do not behave,
She is sure then to pull our wool.

Our German teacher is Miss Crawford
When she plays the piano, we never are bored.
 She's a lady quite prim
 and always looks trim
And of words she has quite a hoard.

Last but not least is Miss Knudson.
She makes us read German in unison.
 We look on to the time
 When in German we'll rhyme.
And each of us strive to be best one.

Mattie Farnum, '12.

THE GHOST OF MORRISTOWN

(In Three Parts.)

Part 1.

Joel Ridgeway had watched Morristown grow from a log cabin—the cabin he had built in a wilderness—into a village of a church, store, blacksmith shop and a few dozen houses, therefore Morristown declared that if any one had a right to govern here it was Joel. And Joel, with the air of one bestowing a great favor, had readily agreed to become her Caesar. Beside being an elder in the church, he was the law in the state, beside managing all church affairs, including the parson, he managed all state affairs, including his wife. But he was an ideal autocrat and in some way made autocratic government very attractive and Morristown sat calmly between two hills with gently folded hands and awaited Joel's beck and call.

But in the history of this world there has not as yet been found a Caesar whose path was all sunshine and flowers, and as with other great men so it was with Joel. He had his troubles, greatest of which were weasles and Kiziah Jenkins.

Joel had a chicken farm—that is, he would have had, had it not been for "them durned weasels." But although he spent half of every night setting up traps and watching in the back yard with his shot-gun he could not conquer the weasles, and every morning found him with fewer chickens and declaring that he would soon be in the poor-house.

As to Kiziah Jenkins—she was the "other part" in Joel's little kingdom. Somewhere Kiziah had read of the "Divine right" theory and had instantly come to the conclusion that as Joel believed in a theory practical in the seventeenth century he must be a standpatter, and that as she did not believe in any such theory she must be a progressive. So Morristown, much to her horror and disgust, became the owner of the other party. From the political standpoint Joel feared Kiziah because she might be able to influence Jerome Bailey with her progressive views and if Jerome was once won over Joel knew his throne would totter; from the standpoint of an elder he gravely shook his head over the girl's sins and weaknesses and daily prayed that she might be won over to the Lord's side which was his side. That she had at least one good trait Joel never denied. She would not have her name modernized into "Cass" or "Cassie." Also she pronounced the letter Z "izzard" as her mother had done, so that her name was spelled "K-i-izzard-i-a-h" and written "Kiziah." Joel wondered often how so sensible a girl could have any theories different than his own, and trembled more often over the thought that he might awaken some morning with greater troubles than weasles.

Is it any wonder then that he should feel anxious and troubled when he went into Abe Nash's store one Saturday

evening and found a larger crowd of men than usual gathered there listening to Jerome Bailey, who was mounted on a sugar barrel, and waving his arms about wildly in the air exactly as Joel had seen a man do who was running for mayor in the town of Hardan.

Joel strode firmly across the room to the group of men, determined to fight a good fight, but Samuel Perkins, from his seat on top of the rusty little heating stove—the stove was a common seat in the summer months—called out excitedly:

“Git a move on yew, Joel! We’re waitin’ t’ know ef yew believe ’n ghosts.”

Joel wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sank down weakly in a chair. “Waal now, Sam’l, ’pears t’ me thar’s things wuss’n ghosts ’n this air wuld.”

“Then you believe in ghosts, Brother Ridgeway?” the Parson asked.

But Joel had by that time regained his footing and he brought the stove poker down hard on the counter. “Parson Harmon, I’m elder in th’ chu’ch an’ ’twould be a-throwin’ th’ Lord’s religion back’n His face t’ say I believe ’n ghosts. I’m su’prised at yew’re question, I’m su’prised!”

“But,” put in Old Bailey, the miller, “Jerome ’ere sez ez how he’s seen a ghost.”

“An’ Sally Dundy, who was Sally Saunders, sez thet when her brother’s second wife’s sister’s leetle ’un died they seen a speerit,” said Jake Quigley.

Abe Nash saw that Joel was too angry to speak so he siezed the opportunity to push a glass of cider across the counter.

“’Ere, Joel, hev a drink.”

But Joel, when he played the part of elder, played it to perfection.

“Much obleeged, Abe, but I’m not drinkin’ t’night.” Then he fixed the condemnatory tail of his eye on Jerome. “Her thet was Sally Saunders couldn’t tell a ghost from a shadder; but gosh-all-hemlock! I’d no idy yew hed seech leetle sense.”

“’Pon my word an’ honor, Joel, I seen a ghost ’twixt ’ere an’ Jim Ryans. I was a-cumin’ hum from a spellin’ match ’n th’ Bottoms an’, ez I riccollec’, when I come t’ Gus Fuller’s ol’ place an’ was a-comin through them air woods, somep’n was a-sittin’ right ’n th’ middle o’ th’ road—wasn’t a stun’s throw from me. All I see was a head an’ a dozen arms reachin’ ’et me. Now I ain’t beholden t’ nobody thet it is or was, so I jist got a club an’ started fer thet pesky thing an’ it begin t’ wave its arms an’ groan. Fur’s I’m concerned I’ ez lief a-ruttet it out ez not, howsomever I calc’lated as how I better not go gallivantin’ down Main street a’ter a ghost becuz I might a’ skeered all th’ wimen folks an’ young ’uns t’ death, so I jist went ’round it enstid an’ left it settin’ thar a-groanin’. An’ thet’s gospel truth, Joel Ridgeway.”

Now Jerome was noted in Morristown for his honesty, but he believed—as do many people—that the whole truth is not always needed, and that may be the reason why he did not tell Joel that when he looked back he discovered, by the moon's light, that his ghost was the stump of an old tree and its arms were the roots waving in the wind, while the groaning came from the roots rubbing together.

“Waal now,” said Joel, “I dunno what t’ think. What d’ yew say, Parson?”

[To be continued.]

THE SPIRIT

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY 1912

No. 2

Published four times a year by the Students in the
interests of the Ames High School.

30 Cents a year

Single Copies, 10 Cents

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Material for the next issue must be in the hands of the Editor
not later than Friday, March 15.

Articles must be written in ink on only one side of the paper.

EDITORIAL

DEBATING SEASON OPENS



THE Ames debating team has been known and therefore feared by many High Schools of the state, such as Boone, Marshalltown and North Des Moines.

Our team has won many victories in the past years; the team this year intends to keep up this good record and add many victories to our ever-increasing list.

The question to be debated in the High School League this year is "The Closed Shop vs. The Open Shop," and the Ames debaters, Clair Taylor, Frank Mixa and Franklin Hambleton, debated with Algona on the negative side of the question in the opening debate of the season. On account of insufficient time in drill on delivery, the decision went to Algona, but not without a hard fight on the part of the Ames team.

Although Ames High is not now in the State Debating League, it is hoped that some dual or triangular debates may be arranged.

To win in any of these debates will require the best efforts of every one. The team will do its best and the school must do its best, also. If you attend the debates either at home or away and support the team the debaters will do the rest.

It was evident in the first issue of The Spirit that some material was omitted. It was unavoidable on account of lack of space, but this condition has been remedied.

The paper is larger as a whole, and several departments have been increased. We hope such changes as have been made will meet with the approval of the readers and we can assure them they are meant for the best. Other improvements will be made in the future when causes for them arise.

The students can help along these improvements by contributing articles of literary, humorous or other nature.

This paper should not be the product of a few, but the result of the thoughts of all.

"A" MEN

During the football season of 1911 the following twelve men of the Ames High School won their A's: Will Davis, Merrill Griffith, Harold McDowell, Norris Brintnall, Oberten Bollman, Orrie Ghrist, Harry Greenlee (captain), Robert Leffler, Raymond Jones, Marvin Russell, Clarence Deal, Loyall Thomas, Claud Sellers. The last six had also won football "A's" prior to this season.



Sophs—10c, later marked down 0c. They must have had a class meeting of some sort.

Mr. Roach says "much enthusiasm was displayed at the Cherokee game, even people with white hair were present." Did Clapper go along?

"Though you're deaf, dumb and blind,
There is no need of tears;
You can still show your joy
By just wiggling your ears."
Someone had a happy hunch!

We have been told by a little "Prep" that St. Paul is noted because Niagara Falls is located there. Really!

Girl: "Cliff Read, you're one grand big limit."

Cliff: "Well, I don't know. I am six feet two."

TO MR. HICKS

With awe the Freshman looks to thee
When flunked past all hope,
In eyes as verdant fresh as his
Thou art mightier than the Pope.

The "Sophie," too, has reverence much
For the the power that is thine,
He ne'er forgets the nuggets delved
In sad experience, mine.

The Junior's far too happy,
He has no use for thee,
From moorings loose his gallant ship
Glides o'er the smiling sea.

The Senior with his thesis grand,
As usual ever late,
A suppliant knee he bends to thee,
He must—to graduate.

Miss Wakefield says the happiest hours of her life were between 10 p. m. and when she went to bed.

Mr. Champlin: "Mr. Read, what kind of seed would you sow for a hay crop?"

Cliff (thoughtfully): "Hay seed."

Teacher: "What three words used most by the Seniors?"

Pupil: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct."

The glowing countenance of our teacher in Senior Physics has so much attraction for the young ladies as to cause them to sit and gaze at him with rapt faces during recitation. Perfectly good time thrown away girls. He has already been deceived by one of the fairer sex. (See Cedar Rapids.)

Exam. Query: "What is the Arsenal of Venice?"

Answer: "He was a sort of teacher in Venice."

Cedar Rapids is a *dandy place*.

Letters arrive Tuesdays and Thursday. Leave—Oh—every day.

Tenacity is the act of stretching.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

Lois Pammel: "I'm quite foolish about it."

Miss Wakefield: "Check for accuracy."

Karl Clapper: "I don't believe I know."

Leonard Wallis: "How-do-you-dew."

Florence Watkins: "I don't care what you say."

Miss Bray: "Now isn't that funny!"

Sarah McElyea: "!!?—!!?—!!!?"

Harriette Wilkinson: "Oh my heart!"

Eva Brooks: "O!"

Jay Clements: "Do I have to wink now?"
Mr. Hicks: "Taking up this phase of the work."
"Pete" Pammel: "Ding bust it."
Orrie Ghrist: "Love me, honey."
Gladys Hultz: "Believe me!"
Anita Meltzer: "Really!"
Ira Authur: "That's pretty keen."
Raymond Curtis Jones, Esq.: "Fine! Fine!"
Clair Taylor: "Ahem! Now, let's see!"
Daisy Mellor: "Ish!"
"Newt" Gray: "For cat's sake!"
Leslie Lynch: "'Scuse me."
Orville Emery: "Flip-flop—come on now."
Miss Boyd: "Quiet, please."
Marion Russell: "Ah! gowan, what do ya' think this is any-way?"

Genevieve Graves: "I don't see any joke to that."

Mr. Roach: "Think! Think! Think!"

Did you ever hear of apples

Picked from a linden tree?

Well, that's what Florence translates in Dutch,

So it must surely be.

Miss Bray was writing the characteristics of Ichabod Crane on the board:

"Soft and foolish of heart."

Chester: "Er—Miss Bray—don't you think you had better add "with the ladies" to that?"

Miss Bray: "No. I don't think that is necessary—whom do men usually have soft and foolish hearts for?"

Miss Schreiner: "I wish you all a Merry Christmas."

Class (replying together): "Same to you."

Miss S: "I didn't understand. One at a time, please."

Claude (translating in Latin): "The citizens of the town lacked wives."

Miss Crawford: "No doubt they also lacked wives, but the translation is wisdom."

Dissenter program reads:

November Sixth

No Meating.

Say! Who's on that committee?

Student (picking up Caesar): "Oh, say! Latin is *easy*. I wish I'd taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages:

"Forty ducks in a row" (Forte dux in aro) and "pass us some jam" (passus sum jam).

A secant is a line drawn across a circle, sticking out at both ends. Lumer is original at least.

When asked to spell woman one specially bright pupil replied: "Double—a man."

Definition of cramming (for proof of good result observe "Short" in English): "To jam into the cranium a few moments before examination all or part of the facts embodied in a study."

The High School pupils have voted to supply the faculty with rubber pencils free of charge. Warranted to erase *all* check marks and make no noise when rapped on the desk.

Watch H. K.'s locket. Change of pictures twice a week.

Mike's mamma doesn't like to have him walk to the college after night. Perhaps "she" could stay in town.

Boy: "While I was in Chicago I saw three buildings destroyed by fire. Two burned down."

Teacher: "What happened to the other one?"

Boy: "It burned up."

Lela: "Bessie told me that secret I told you not to tell her."

Edna: "She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

Lela: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you on her, so don't you tell her I did."

"Short": "I'd give a dollar for a curl of your sister's hair."

Will C.: "Pay me. I know where she hangs 'em at night."

Taken from the Junto Dissenter Prophecy:

Myra Wasser will live on Chesapeake Bay in order to be near the "Beach." Julius also likes "Das Wasser."

Stephen Loughran will drive a patent medicine wagon. Medicine guaranteed to increase the height two feet. Genevieve Graves and Mattie Farnum will travel with him as living examples of the efficiency of his medicine.

Marjorie Summers will take so much knowledge from the many colleges which she attends that there will be little left for the poor unfortunates who follow after.

Jay Clements will play Casey Jones in a Broadway theatre with 1,940 variations.

Frank Mixa will be the inventor and sole manufacturer of a compound absolutely guaranteed to cure headache among fowls.

Tillie Schlissel will be a teacher in Central Africa, and assisted by George Blair, will teach the natives how to dance.

Puzzle—How did Mr. Roach get white eiderdown on his coat?

Teacher (in Latin): "What is the present of gesserat."

Pupil: "Gesso."

Teacher: "Gero—no guess so about it."

"I would like to get my hair cut, please," said Julius, as he threw himself in a chair.

"Any special way?" asked the barber.

"Yes," was the reply, "off."

LOCAL AND SOCIAL



The new High School building is progressing in fine shape. When they view the building and think what it will be when completed it almost makes the Seniors wish that they could stay in High School another year. The new building will offer the students many advantages of which we are now deprived and those who go to school in it ought surely to appreciate them.

The new semester began with an increase in enrollment of twenty-six. This is certainly doing well for the second semester. It is a good thing that we are going to have a new H. S. building for the old building is too crowded now for convenience. What would it be if the enrollment increased as much every year as it has this?

The new class pins and rings have arrived and the Seniors are proudly wearing them. They are very pretty and the Seniors are justified in feeling proud of them.

Clarence Deal, '12, had a bad accident during the Christmas vacation. While out hunting he accidentally shot and injured the fingers on his left hand.

This year the Showain Neme Shine's are glad to welcome four new students, Vere Ewing, Glenn Robb, Roy Robb, and Donald Scovel, to their tribe.

On Friday evening, December 15th, the Senior Class held their term party at Redmen's Hall. Several of the faculty were present and they with the majority of the class, spent the evening in games and a general good time. Ice cream and cake were served by five Junior girls, Violet Pammel, Lisette Meltzer, Janet Knapp, and Lollie Loughran.

Friday evening, January 26, the Juniors and Dissenters gave their joint program. A large crowd was present including many visitors.

The following program was given:

MusicBlanche Wasser
Welcome AddressFrank Mixa
Sacred ReadingGenevieve Graves
Song by All.

JinglesDonald Scovel
ReadingAnita Metzger
Farce—"The Real Thing."

Vocal Quartet—Margaret Noble, Lois Pammel, Loretta Harri-
man, Violet Pammel.

ProphecyFranklin Hambleton
VaudevilleMr. Champlin and Mr. Roach
High School Songs—by All.

Miss Boyd visited at the home of Miss Wakefield in Gilbert over Sunday.

The Seniors are now proudly wearing the new badges of their dignity.

Lela Golden and Edna Clark entertained a party of their friends at a bob-ride followed by an oyster supper at the home of J. V. Ball, south of town, on the evening of January 24th.

The city school teachers were delightfully entertained at a four course dinner given by Superintendent and Mrs. Hicks. The evening was spent in guessing authors and artists, readings and musical numbers.

Orrie Ghrist, '12, has been compelled to leave school and go west for his health. He is now in Miles City, Montana.

Minnie Eldredge '12, completed her work in High School at Christmas time.

Everett Osborn has left school and is going to college.

Walter Pickett has joined our ranks again.

Blanche Rosenfield has returned to school.

The Tuesday morning assemblies of the High School are much enjoyed by everyone. The addition of so many new pupils fills the assembly room to the limit. On January 30, Mr. Clyde of the college Y. M. C. A. lead devotionals and also addressed the students. Mr. Roach sang two much appreciated songs and the High School orchestra furnished several pieces of music.

The county school teachers were entertained at a reception given by the city school teachers in the assembly room of the city library, Friday evening, February 2.

Edward Morris entertained the Y. M. C. A. of the High School at his home north of town. The evening was much enjoyed by all. Mrs. Curtiss acted as chaperone.

The Junior Class has chosen for its colors, purple and white, and the white rose for its flower.

On Saturday evening, December 16, the Juniors held one of the most enthusiastic parties Ames High has ever known. Every one was full of "pep" and the evening was one grand rush. At eight o'clock the youths accompanied by their fair maidens began to arrive at Pammel's. And then the fun commenced.

The moving pictures were great, and, truly, the air was just full of excitement all during the field meet. Meanwhile every one spent his spare time trying to win everyone else's hearts, (candy hearts, however,) and the person who was the greatest "heart stealer" received a prize.

Then came the ever popular "eats," and, Oh my! but they were good. After awarding the evening's prizes and pulling off a keen little stunt on the boys, the party broke up, declaring if the Junior Class didn't know how to entertain royally, they would like to see the class that did.

The Juniors in the American Literature class have just recently enjoyed a trip (?) with Titania, Oberon and Puck in Fairyland. Miss Bray proved to be a most delightful guide to them in their travels.

The Ninth Grade has had quite a time selecting its colors. Those selected by the first committee appointed did not meet with the approval of the class and a new committee was appointed. Of the colors selected by this committee, yellow and white were decided upon.

A social committee was also appointed consisting of eight members, to look after the entertainments that the class may give.

The Ninth Grade dues for this year are twenty-five cents. They should be paid to Leta Sylvester, the class treasurer.

Miss Boyd was absent for a week because of illness and Miss Wenholtz, principal of the Welch school, took her place for the first two days, after which Mr. Hicks took her classes and Miss Schreiner her study room period.

Miss Boyd thinks that the Ninth Grade of this year is more dignified than some of the preceding ninth grades. If she had seen them at their first meeting she would have changed her opinion.

The Ninth Grade has been increased by twenty-six new pupils, nineteen of whom came up from the Eighth grade, the first of this semester.

The Ninth Grade had a party at the home of Leta and Iva Sylvester January 19th, which was a great success. The decorations were in yellow and white, the class colors. During the first part of the evening games were played, a program followed consisting of:

Violin Solo	Bailey Waltmire
Reading	Norma Lee

Piano Solo	Elizabeth Kooser
Vocal Solo	Meryl Rutherford
Vocal Solo	Mr. Roach
Impromptu Talks.....	Miss Schreiner and Mr. Champlin

After this refreshments were served and a picture of the class was taken. Miss Schreiner says that this party was one of the jolliest she ever attended.

The High School teachers are luxuriating in a box of apples presented to them by Lyman Driebelbis and a box of fudges from Laura Johnson.

Joe Carr has been out of school for a few weeks on account of an operation for appendicitis. However he is able to be about again and will soon be back in school.

Seventeen high school girls pleasantly surprised Alma Martin on her birthday January 24. The girls brought their own refreshments which consisted of sandwiches, ice cream and cake. Games were played, after which all were taken for a bob ride. A delightful time was reported.

Now is the time to take your bob ride. The Y. M. C. A's have certainly been taking advantage of this fact. Sleighing has been exceptionally fine this winter.

Four new students from out of town have entered the High School this semester. Thomas and Robert Barnes from Chicago, Ill., Glen Burton from Cambridge, Iowa and Fred McElrath from Merville, Iowa.

Several of the High School students are enlisted to take the Boy Scouts' or Girl Pioneers' work. Some of the faculty have also joined and are pushing the work along. Any one over eighteen years of age is privileged to join and those between sixteen and eighteen years of age who are recommended may also enlist. The first instruction is to be given March the fourth at the college. This is to prepare leaders for the regular Scouts and Pioneers.

Prof. Bishop's Sunday School Class of which several are High School boys took their girl friends for a bob ride out to the home of Willie Van Duzer, where they had an oyster stew. Miss Bray and Mr. Champlin chaperoned the party. It was discovered on the way out that Mr. Champlin has great talent in telling true(?) ghost stories. Miss Bray displayed her talent in composing verses.

Misses Minnie Eldridge and Mabel Rosenfeld finished the High School Course at the end of the first semester and will graduate with the Class of 1912.

ATHLETIC

Summing up the season in general it has been a very successful one for Ames High. West high and Fort Dodge were a little too big for us. Boone and Cherokee we should have beaten and the rest we did beat. As to the season's scores between Ames and her opponents the result was very satisfactory. Ames scored 62 points against her opponents 32. Another big success of the season was the attitude the players were induced to maintain towards the game and towards their studies. At no time during the whole season was an Ames man removed from a game for using "dirty" methods or "bad English." With but one exception, and that for a very short time, every man on the squad was eligible to play in every game. And last but not least the use of tobacco was entirely cut out by the whole squad.

Football was a very beneficial activity in Ames High, last fall. It not only brought out a strong high school spirit, but helped each individual player physically, mentally and morally. More boys should come out and take advantage of this helpful factor in high school work.

On Thanksgiving day the team accepted a challenge to a game with the Alumni, including some who were "Ex" but not graduates. The old timers had some of the best material that Ames High has ever had in late years, such as: Clay Cameron, Don Griffith, "Sunks" Howard and Harry Cave. Howard succeeded in executing a neat field goal which was the only count made by the Alumni. The high school secured one touch down and Ghrist kicked goal. As these were the only scores, the final count was 6 to 3 for the High School.

The purpose of this game was to get some money for the athletic treasury. During the season a debt of some \$30 was incurred. The returns from the Thanksgiving game helped, but there is still a debt of over \$20 which the school must pay. Athletics or any other works cannot be carried on without support and money. If you have not "pep" enough to get into any activity you ought at least support those who have.

The team and school have much for which to thank Mr. Hicks for so kindly advancing the necessary money to back the games held at home. Without it the games could not have been carried on at all and there are few indeed who would be willing to assume the financial risk that is naturally connected with each game.

Another matter which the whole school appreciates very much is the kindness of the Athletic Department at I. S. C. in allowing the high school athletic teams to use their gridiron, track and diamond. Although we have in no way expressed this appreciation before nevertheless it is felt and we sincerely thank the Athletic Department for this helpful accomodation.

At a meeting of the football squad, on December 17, to elect a captain for the 1912 squad, Davis received 1 vote; Jones, 4; Greenlee, 9. This reelected last years captain and the best man in high school for the position. Everybody knows "Scot" and knows what he did for high school athletics last fall but few realize the effort he put forth to accomplish what he did. Among said efforts his speeches were no small matter. "Scot" is one of the very few who can be depended upon at any time or in any difficulty and he is sure to lead Ames High through a successful football season in 1912.



The Basket Ball season has been closed for some time and at present no athletics are in progress in Ames High. but our season was a good one and every one is entirely satisfied. Our three games were won with the exception of the last game at Jefferson in which the score was a tie. Owing to the lack of time, the Ames girls were unable to remain to play it out. Our scores were as follows:—

Story City vs. Ames at Story City, 8 to 5 in favor of Ames.

Jefferson vs. Ames at Ames, 26 to 4 in favor of Ames,

Jefferson vs. Ames at Jefferson, 10 to 10.

Our last line-up was:

Mary Darner, Right Forward.

Marie Ferguson, Left Forward.

Edith Curtiss, Center.

Lisette Meltzer, Side Center.

Velma Griffith, Right Guard.

Violet Pammel, Left Guard.

Substitutes—Edith Read, Loretta Harriman.

We hope to have a larger number at our first meeting in the spring including all the old players. Our girls worked hard and not one failed us when we needed her. The girls seemed more interested in the game than in being on the first team and that is what counts. Everyone loyal and trying to help those who do make the team.

Miss Edna Pammel was our B. B. Coach. Her success is shown in the score made by the Team.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Fred—"What kind of a part have I in the class play? Is there any chance of my pleasing the audience?"

Trainer—"Every chance, you die in the first act."

Bub—"Father who was Shylock."

Father—"Shame on you, Bub, Go study your Bible."

Gushing Senior Miss—"I am indebted to you for all I know."

Teacher—"Don't mention it. It is a mere trifle."

How to kill the paper

1. Do not buy a paper, Borrow your neighbor's paper—be a sponge.

2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.

3. Never hand in articles and be sure to criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff play tennis or society when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.

5. If you can hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.

Charlie, "Is that question bothering you?"

Kellar—"No but the answer is."

Overheard at the Newton game.

"Goodness how will those poor boys ever get clean."

"Oh, they have a scrub team, you know."

Nell—"O yes I have a cousin playing football."

Rose—"Is that so? What position does he play?"

Nell—"I forget whether it is touchdown or punt."

Fresh—"Do all nuts grow on trees?"

Soph—"Yes, son."

Fresh—"Then what trees do doughnuts grow on."

Soph—"Pan trees, son. Now run along and don't ask so many questions."

"Do savages wear clothes?"

"No, dearie."

"Then why did papa put a button in the missionary box?"

We have been pleased to receive the following exchanges:—

Pebbles, Marshalltown.

The H. H. S., Hawarden.

The Tatler, West Des Moines.

The Bulletin, Davenport.

The Oracle, North Des Moines.

The Quill, East Des Moines.

Daily Iowan, S. U. I.

The Student, I. S. C.

We wish to thank The Quill of East Des Moines for the encouraging comment published in their exchange department concerning the first issue of the Spirit.

We hope to deserve it.

HIGH SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

H. S. Y. M. C. A.

The High School Y. M. C. A. meets every Tuesday evening. During the winter we have been meeting at the homes of the members. Our program consists of devotions followed by the lesson, then the business meeting and a social hour. The meetings are quite well attended, but we are anxious to have more of the boys of our school join and help to boost this worthy cause.

Franklin Hambleton, Ralph Downey, Herbert Downey, Stephen Loughran, Kendrick Loughran, Harold Crissman, Howard Park and Ralph Scofield accompanied by Mr. Roach, attended the Fourth Annual State Conference for Older Boys, held at Ft. Dodge, December 8-9-10. The boys all report a good time as well as the benefits derived in other ways.

During the winter we have had two bob rides, each member inviting a lady friend. Miss Hadley chaperoned the first ride and Mrs. Curtiss furnished oysters for the crowd. The second ride was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nichols and Mrs. Walter Morris served supper. The officers of this organization are Franklin Hambleton, Pres., Ralph Downey Sec. & Treas., Richard Arnold Chairman of the Meetings Committee, Harold Crissman, Chairman of Social Committee and Mr. Clark of I. S. C. Adult Leader.

ORCHESTRA.

Quick response was given last fall to the call for players for the High School Orchestra and although eight of the eleven members are practically new at the work, the High School can boast of having an orchestra that has been doing good conscientious work. Their music numbers are always greatly ap-

preciated at High School assemblies and the orchestral accompaniments add life and interest to the general assembly singing.

The members are as follows:

1st Violin.	2nd Violin
Merrill Griffith	Clarence Deal
Bailey Waltmire	Meryl Rutherford
Vern Nunamaker	Glenn Easterly
1st Cornet	Cello
Leland Spangler	Richard Conaway.
2nd Cornet	Clarinet
Orlo Best	Vinna Nunamaker
Piano—Blanche Wasser.	

HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS.

After an individual testing of voices, the High School Chorus was organized the fourth week of the term. The Chorus numbers about thirty and consists of those students, who, according to their schedule, can take the work the sixth period of the session.

The chorus has been doing very creditable work on quite difficult music some of which has been rendered at high school assemblies. The earnestness and enthusiasm of its members promise the rendition of some good music on future high school programs.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club made its first appearance at the assembly of the Y. M. C. A. with great success. Their encore, Old Ames High, by Grace Cole, was a complete surprise to the High School and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. We hope others may get the spirit of composing and give us another song equally as good.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

The Boys' Glee Club had its first rehearsal at the beginning of the second semester. They have done excellent work and are now ready to give some rousing music for the High School. Look for their debut soon.

The members are as follows:

Ronald Allan	Leone Shull
La Verne Buckton	Harold Crissman
Wayne Hunter	Charles Storey
Richard Conaway	Clarence Deal
Ralph Downey	Harry Greenlee
Herbert Downey	Howard Park

JUNTO.

The work of the Junto Literary Society has been carried on all fall in a most interesting manner and some of the programs have been especially enjoyed. On December the eighth a Child's Program was given. Each girl responded to the roll call with

a humorous child story, and a reading was given in child dialect by Margaret Noble. Several musical numbers have been given by Misses Crawford, Blanche Wasser and Violet Roberson. At one program Mr. Roach delighted the Juntos with a vocal solo.

The last program before vacation was carried out entirely in a Christmas spirit. The Assembly room desk was decorated with the Christmas colors and in the center was placed a little Christmas tree just loaded down with presents. The program was opened in the usual way and the roll call answered with Xmas quotations. Readings were given by Anna Judge and Tillie Schlissel, and a piano solo by Violet Roberson. Mattie Farnum and Zeta Best gave a discussion, "Resolved that the Present Christmas Customs be Abolished." Christmas Jingles about the different members of Junto were given by Genevieve Graves. After the program every one was given a number and when Santa Claus called the numbers they marched to the front and received their gifts. The meeting was closed by singing a song written by Violet Pammel, "Junto Christmas Spirit."

DISSENTERS L. S.

The programs have all been very good. The fact that the entire debating team is composed of members of the Dissenters is proof that the work has been of a very high order.

Officers were again elected December 14. The following were elected, President—Julius Beach; Vice-president—Paul Storm; Secretary—Clair Taylor; Treasurer—Frank Mixa; Marshal—Mr. Champlin; Program Committee—Richard Arnold and Ralph Downey.

If every boy in the three upper classes joined, the Dissenters would be the strongest literary society in Central Iowa. Let's make it as much a part of H. S. activities as foot-ball and track. Get behind, and push!

ALUMNI NOTES

Officers of Alumni Association of Ames High this year are: President—Percy Ellis, '09; Vice President—Earl Smith, '09; Secretary—Ben Read, '05; Treasurer—Arthur Buck, '06.

It is the purpose of the Alumni Association to continue its activities of the past few years, and to again entertain the Seniors at an Annual Banquet, as a welcome to our number. The President will call a meeting in the near future for the purpose of planning this banquet, and it should be the purpose of good Alumni to be there and help make this year's banquet a bigger and better reunion of the sons and daughters of old Ames High than ever before.

Mrs. R. L. Webster, '01 of Ames, has aided the Alumni editor very materially by supplying a complete list of the members of her class with their addresses and occupations, which will appear from time to time in this column. Like favors from other Alumni will be greatly appreciated.

Floyd Scott, '07, is a Government Meat Inspector in Chicago.

Miss Delia Swain, '11, is teaching school near her home town, Moingona, Boone Co.

Mrs. Rose Goble Bradley, '01, is living with her two sons at Escandido, Cal.

Mr. S. Wilson Rich and R. H. McCarthy are the sole survivors of the class of '89, and report absolute quiet in that portion of Alumni corner.

Howard T. Hill, '06, is taking a law course at Harvard University.

John Gardner, '07, is running an orange ranch in California.

Mrs. Fred Elwell, '03, of St. Louis, Mo., visited during the winter at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mellor.

Miss Stella St. John, '07, is now Mrs. Will Hart having been married last fall at Cedar Rapids.

Ray Wirtman, '96, is an electrician in the city of Chicago, Ill.

Earl McDowell, '01, is a successful lawyer in Crawford, Nebr.

Lew Willey, '07, visited his parents in Ames during the Christmas vacation. He is engaged in veterinary work under Dr. Reynolds in Minnesota.

Russell Engberg, '11, is attending Des Moines College this year, but will enter the Agronomy course at I S. C. next fall.

Oscar Freed, '07, is doing veterinary work at Huxley, Iowa.

Ernest Granger, '96, is now a successful practicing physician in Chicago.

Harley McElyea, '03, who recently visited his mother and sister in Ames, is District Chief of the telephone system at Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, in the employ of the Canadian Government.

Miss Margaret Freed, '07, and Mr. Floyd Zenor are married and live at Ontario, Iowa.

Miss Mabel Campell, '01, is head of Domestic Science Dep't of Wesleyan College, Bloomington, Illinois.

Sadie Hambleton, '10, who has been studying at Simpson College the past semester left February 6, for Houston, Texas, where she will remain till next September when she will again enroll at Indianola.

Thos. McCall, '05, is in the Hort. Dep't of the Northwestern Experiment Station situated at Crookston, Minn. and his brother Frank McCall, '05, is manager of the Berry Hill Orchard, at Des Moines.

Lew Doggett, '05, the man who gave to the High School its handsome debating trophy is still working in the pennant factory at Ames.

Fred Randau, '05, is managing the Graves farm south of town.

Miss Pearl Fowler, '01, lives with her husband and daughter at St Joe, Michigan.

Lyle Corlette, '05, is at work in the Westinghouse Shops at Schenectady, N. Y.

Geo. Clark, '05, is editor of a newspaper at Redfield, South Dakota.

Warren ("Tommy") Smith, '07, is in the employ of U. S. Forestry Dep't in the California Reserves.

Mrs. Faith Clark Gilmore, '09, of Winnipeg, Canada is visting friends in Ames for a few weeks. Faith was a prominent member of her class and of Junto Literary Society when in school.

Geo Miller, '09, is taking the Dairy Course at the college. He was down during Exam. week visiting with some of his former teachers in High School.

Several Alumni were regular vistors of High School during the last few weeks of the semester for the purpose of discussion in the Normal Training Classes at the College. We remember Florence Caldwell, '07, Carrie Brown, '08, Carrie Hunter, '08.

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Gi'n a straight line meet a straight line
In Geometry,
Gi'n those two lines make an agle,
Is that aught to me?
Every straight line *is* a straight line,
That is plain to see,
And what on earth's the use of proving
What we know must be.

Gi'n some planes do meet together
In this world of woe,
And make polyhedral angle,
Faith! it may be so,
But when 'tis put to a poor Junior,
How and why to show,
'Tis hard lines—though it seems so plain
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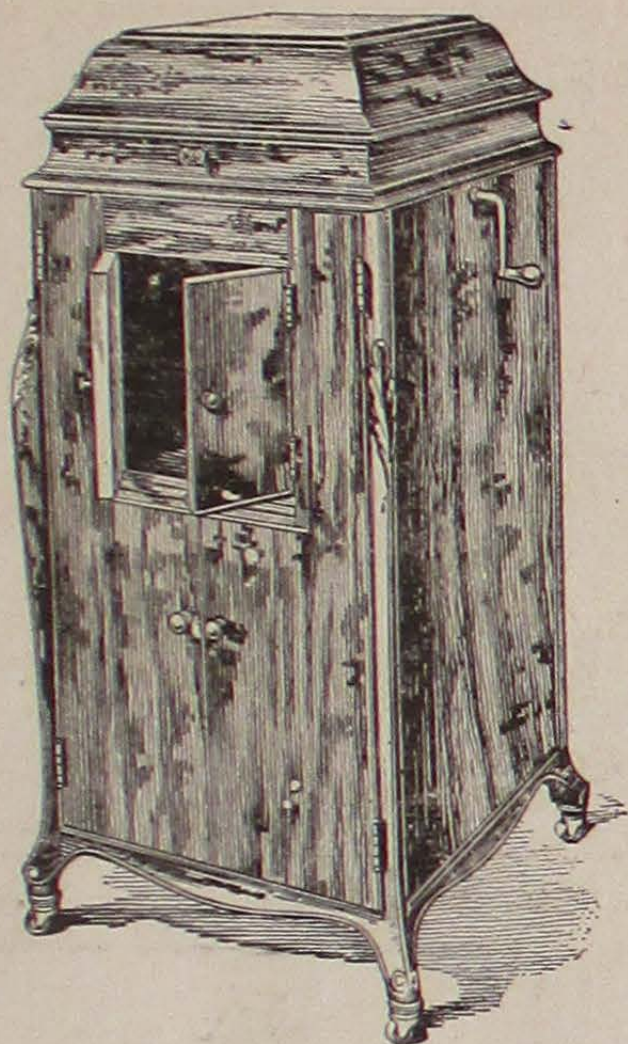
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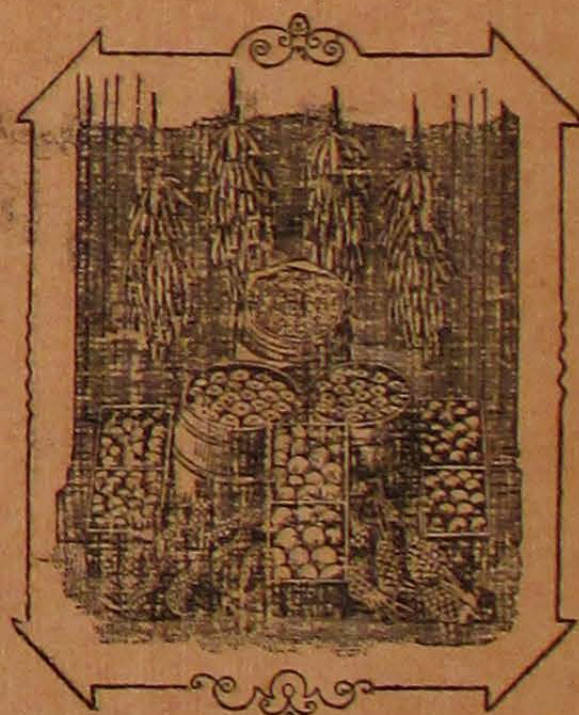
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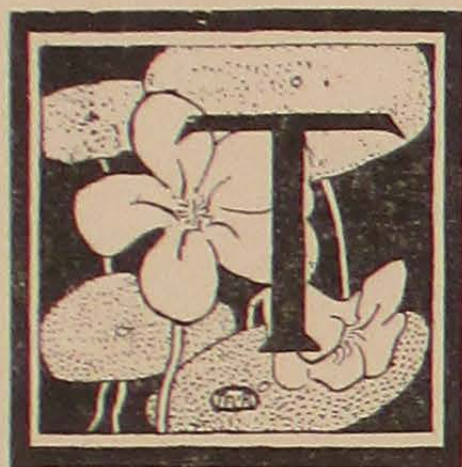
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THE GHOST OF MORRISTOWN

In three parts.

Part Two.



HE Reverend Harmon turned toward Joel, his strong face with its nice eyes humorously alight at the question "Of course Jerome saw something," he answered, "but I do not believe it was a ghost."

"I reckon not neither," Joel said, with an air of having settled the ghost question once and for all.

Kiziah Jenkins, who had come in for a jug of molasses, heard these last remarks and when Jerome followed her to the door with the expectation of carrying the jug home for her, she asked. "Who seen a ghost?"

"Me. Say will yew go t' singin' school t'morrew night?"

Kiziah ignored the question. "Do yew believe in ghosts?" she asked.

"Waal I did, but Joel says thar aint, so I reckon thar aint."

Kiziah sniffed. "If Joel said th' moon was made o' porridge puddin' yew'd believe him I reckon."

"Taint progressive t' believe 'n ghosts." There was a wicked twinkle in his eyes. The girl's eyes shot an answering gleam.

"I hear'd Car'line say her father's goin' t' singin' school an' I reckon yew'd better ride a-long o' him. Joel'll be better company 'n me any way."

"Thet's dog mean." He reached out a detaining hand but she was gone. Jerome looked after her, a profane light appeared in his eyes, and he savagely swore vengeance against Joel. He did not go back into the store but started home whistling "Nellie Grey" as though nothing had happened to make his blood boil. And one by one the men followed.

Joel, after saying "s' long" to Abe, went across the road to the chicken yard where he looked all the traps over with an antagonized eye and a mouth which declared war against the weasles before he went into the house.

"Tildy," Joel snorted, as he stopped in the kitchen to hang up the lantern, "do yew believe 'in ghosts?"

"Sakes alive," his wife gasped, "what's th' matter?"

"It's all wimen folks know any way." And Joel stalked upstairs to bed without satisfying his wife's curiosity in the least.

About midnight he was awakened by the cackling and squawking of frightened fowls.

"Git up, Tildy," he ordered, "an' light the lantern. Sounds like all the weasles 'n creation's out thar."

Matilda never stopped to argue with Joel about anything so she went down stairs and had the lantern and shot gun ready when he came down.

"Be keerful an' dont shoot the chickens stid o' th' weasles," she cautioned as he went out.

It was a dark night with only a white misty moon and for the first time in his life Joel shivered at the wierd moan of the wind. Strangely uneasy he ran down the path, pushed open the gate and went into the yard.

"Gosh-all-hemlock! this air——." His words were suspended in mid-air while with wide horrified eyes he watched a white ghostly form moving about the chicken yard. With an awful drop in his voice Joel finished the sentence—"beats all creation." Then with a howl that would have put to flight a whole army of ghosts he dropped his gun, turned his back and ran.

Matilda, who was standing in the door way, screamed when she saw the two runners—the panting one before and the silent one behind—fled into the house, slammed the door and locked it. Joel choked with fear. This was appalling. The last touch. Why in the name of all that was horrifying had Matilda locked that door. It was inhuman! It was "dirt mean"!

To go to one of the neighbors was the only thing left to do and Joel started for the parsonage. He ran with all his strength but the ghost gained with every step. "Gosh-all-hemlock!" he muttered between gasping breaths. "thet air ghost's—a reg'lar hoss—a reg'lar hoss! He'll git met—'fore I git—through th' parson's—gate." But it was not until the parson had opened the door in answer to his frantic pounding that Joel turned to see how close the ghost was, and caught a glimpse of a horrid grin as the ghost disappeared behind a row of hedges.

"Man, what's the trouble?" The parson laid a strengthening hand on Joel's shoulder. "Are you sick? Is any one sick?"

"Sick!" Joel snorted, some of his strength coming back. "I reckon if yew'd run a mile er so with a ghost chasin' yew yew'd be somep'n wuss'n sick."

The parson stared. "What do you mean?"

"An' me with th' rheumatiz—"

The parson tightened his grip on Joel's shoulder. "I don't understand. Brother Ridgeway."

"An' my wife lockin' th' door after promisin' t' love, cherish an' obey."

"Man," the parson shouted. "What is the matter?"

"None o' yer durn' business." Then a glimmer of the old twinkle came into Joel's eyes, and he told the parson of the horrors of that midnight hour. "I'm no spring lamb," he finished, in answer to the parson's ringing laugh, "an' it sartinly ain't no fun t' gallop. An' yew'd better pray stid o' laughin' fer th' day o' judgment's comin' an' I'm goin' t' git a divorce fer it gits here."

—Jean Dillabeaux.

(To be concluded.)

A DUCK SHOOT

Two years ago this spring the ice in the river was slow in breaking up but a warm spell finally came which took it away and brought the ducks north.

Byron Rice, his brother, and I were planning a duck shoot and when they began to come in good shape we fixed the launch and got everything else ready.

One Saturday morning about half past three the old alarm clock on the shelf played the part of the rooster and Myron immediately stopped it with a shoe. We then proceeded to crawl out of bed and after a quick breakfast we cooped up the decoy ducks and went down to the river.

Myron and his brother were both thick-set fellows and did not look as though they had ever been starved. Both had on hip-boots and each had a fine double-barrel. I was equipped the same as my friends. We dumped the ducks into the launch and after a bit of coaxing we got the engine to run.

The marshes where we shot the ducks were about five miles up the Wapsie river from Quasqueton and about the same from Independence down the river.

In about an hour in which we had considerable trouble with the engine we arrived at the marshes and after making the boat fast to a tree we each took some decoys and walked over to the best marsh. When the strings were tied to the ducks legs and the anchors in the mud, as we had them tied to horse shoes, we built our blinds and were ready for all the ducks in the country.

We had not been waiting long when one of the decoys let out a squawk and a big flock came sailing towards us. Just as they were about to alight our guns set up a big noise and six of them splashed into the water floating among our decoys until we waded out and gathered them up. We had hardly got out of sight when Myron spied a flock coming over the tree tops.

"Lay low now," he said.

"Alright," we both replied, and the ducks were then so near that we could hear their quack, so we kept quiet until they were within gun shot. Myron and I both missed a duck that time but we got four out of that bunch which was not bad. Things went on in this way for about an hour when I saw an old goose and five of his tribe sail toward us.

"Play you are in church," I hollowed, "until they get us close." No duck living would ever have known there was anything wrong about that marsh as we kept so quiet. They sailed around for a long time but finally the decoys persuaded them to come and see how the water was and as they splashed in we each took one and left the other three for some one else.

The flock that gave us the most sport was a flock of about one hundred and fifty canvas-backs, which the decoys saw and began quacking to. The leader evidently had been a target for some hunter before as he kept quacking and circling around over us for about fifteen minutes but finally he seemed convinced that every thing was as it ought to be and we heard his flock splash into the water at the other end of the pond and swim toward our decoys. This was just what we were all wishing for and when they were within nice gun shot we let them have it and eight of them stayed to visit us for a while. I must have given the old leader too big a load of lead for I noticed that he did not fly off with the rest and no wonder for when I picked him up he looked just like a sieve. After a few more shots at some teal and blue-bill we pulled our decoys and after taking them out to the launch returned for the dead ducks. On counting them we had thirty nine mallards, a goose a piece and a few smaller ones.

About six o'clock Myron began coaxing the engine again but it was of no use. It would not run. We did not want to stay there all night so we pushed off and let the current carry us down. In about two hours we landed at the dock and after unloading our guns and ducks began investigating the engine. After some time I thought to look at the batteries which I found to be disconnected in one place. —Norris Brintnall '14.

IF I WERE YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE

If I were a bird
These beautiful days
I'd sing and I'd sing
For the "Spirit."
If I were a man
In these busy times
I'd put all my a's
In the "Spirit."

If I were a wife
With household cares
I'd read between work
In the "Spirit."
If I were a member
Of Ames High School
I'd work and I'd work
For the "Spirit."
If I were you
Whoever you are
I'd subscribe at once
For the "Spirit."

—Hazel Johnson '12.

COUSINS, CONFUSION AND CONTENTMENT

"Oh Mother!" and Betty ran joyously upstairs to her mother's room. "I have just received a letter from cousin Jack at Ann Arbor, asking me to the foot ball game between Ann Arbor and Madison. And oh mother can I go?" Betty was all excited, and all of this was said in one breath.

"Well my dear," said Mrs. Whitmore calmly, "Sit down and we will talk the matter over. It has been so long since you saw your cousin, that I doubt very much whether you would know him or not."

"Oh well that doesn't make any difference," exclaimed Betty excitedly. "I'm simply crazy about that game, and to think I have at last got a chance to go." Betty jumped up and down, at the very thought of it.

"Well we'll see. We had better talk it over with your father tonight." Mrs. Whitmore appeared as though she took very little interest in the matter, but in her own heart, she was planning for her daughter to enjoy a visit with her cousin at college. Of course they had not seen each other since they were mere children but why should that be a hindrance?

When Mr. Whitmore came home, the matter was again brought up, and finally it was decided that Betty should go. So the acceptance was sent, and immediately plans were being made for a visit to Ann Arbor. She would have to leave Midland about 10 o'clock a. m. Friday and get into Ann Arbor about 6:30 p. m.

At the same time in a little village a few miles from the place where Betty Whitmore lived, the following letter was being discussed by a girl about twenty and her two maiden aunts:

Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept. 25, 19—

My Dear Betty:—

No doubt you will be some what surprised to hear from this long lost sheep, and even now will have to look at the end of this letter to know who is writing it. To save you this trouble I will tell you that it is your cousin and childhood playmate, Johnathan Andrew Southerland, or Jack.

I have been planning for some time to pay you a visit, but have failed to find the time, so now I'm going to ask you to come and pay me a visit. You know Ann Arbor is going to play Madison next Saturday and I should like very much to have you come and attend the game with me. I have looked up railroad connections, and you can leave Harrison about 5:30 a. m. and get here some time between 5:00 and 6 p. m.

I will have my roommate meet you as I have a class until 5:30 that day. I will expect a reply from you soon.

Your cousin,

Jack Southerland.

"Well," said Aunt Sarah, "It's about time we were hearing from him, I haven't seen him since he was a little chap, but if he is as good now as he was then, I don't see why we shouldn't let Betty go, do you Jane?"

"I reckon not," and Aunt Jane closed her eyes like a drowsy cat, and resumed her nap.

Betty, however, was picturing herself with cousin Jack, at the ball game. She had never attended one and she was the kind of a girl who enjoys a good time. But would she know her cousin if she should see him? She had a faint recollection of him as a barefoot boy when they used to make mud pies together. Jack said he would send his roommate to meet her; that would be worse yet. Well, she could find him some way.

With the consent of both her aunts Betty Douglas, wrote to Jack Southerland, accepting his invitation.

"Don't forget, Bob, 5:30," said Jack Southerland as he was leaving his room.

"Oh, I say now Jack, you don't mean to say that you're going away without even telling me what she looks like, I might get the wrong girl," said his roommate a little bit frightened.

"Well hang it all," said Jack turning on his heel, "I don't know what she looks like, haven't seen her for ten years; but she's got dark hair and brown eyes, and I imagine she'll be dressed in brown," and he again started for the door.

"What did you say her name was?" asked Bob, after his roommate was half way down the stairs.

"Betty," and Jack was out of sight.

"Betty? Betty what?" asked Bob to himself remembering that he had never heard her last name, just Betty. But he could find her some way.

At five o'clock Bob was at the depot. At 5:15 a train from the west came in. Bob looked at his watch, a little bit early he muttered to himself as he approached the train.

Girls! Girls! Girls! There seemed to be nobody but girls. Could he find her among so many? Well, he could wait until all the rest of them had gone and take the one that was left.

In a few minutes the crowd was on the other end of the platform, and Bob caught sight of a little brown figure standing apart from the rest of the crowd. She appeared to be looking for some one. Yes that must be she.

Bob quickly approached the girl and lifting his cap he said: "Is this Miss—— Miss—— well—is this Betty?"

"Oh yes, and and I'm so glad to see you cousin Jack," she said breathlessly, as she extended her hand.

"But I'm not your cousin, I'm his roommate. He was busy and could not come," explained Bob.

"Oh, I see, well it doesn't make any difference," said Betty smilingly.

When they reached the boarding house, Jack had just arrived. He saw them coming down the walk and hurried to meet them.

"I should have known you among a thousand, Betty," he said after shaking her hand. "I'm mighty glad you came."

After a short visit with Jack, Betty was shown to her room, by the landlady. After taking off her hat, she lay down on the bed to rest, thinking what a grand looking fellow her cousin was, and almost wishing her was not her cousin.

About 5:20 the same afternoon, Jack Whitmore, Betty Whitmore's cousin, was at the train to meet her. "That train must be late," he thought to himself as he sat down to wait until it came.

"I wonder what Betty looks like," he thought. "She used to be a pretty cute little kid. Hope I don't fall in love with her like Dick Dodson did last spring when he brought his cousin down to see him graduate."

There was a shrill whistle outside and the train came rumbling in. Jack was on the spot in an instant looking for Betty. Passengers kept coming and coming and along toward the last Jack saw a girl all alone. She had on a blue traveling suit, and a big white felt hat. He had her picked out to be Betty and ran to meet her.

"Hello Betty, is that you?" he asked lifting his cap and extending his hand.

The girl gave him an indignant look and paused a moment. "Why yes—, but—"

"What's the matter don't you know me?"

"Why how absurd, how could I know you when you're

Jack's roommate and—"

"Jack's roommate?" he interrupted, "I'm not Jack's roommate, I'm Jack himself."

"Oh Jack! I thought you were going to send your roommate to meet me," she said excitedly.

"What put such a silly notion into your head," said Jack. "but come on we'll be late for supper." And they started for the boarding house.

In the dining room Jack started to introduce Betty to his friends:

"Mr. Gibson, meet my cousin, Miss Whitmore."

Betty gave Jack a surprised look. "Stupid," she said, "You must have me mixed up with some of your lady friends. My name is Miss Douglas."

Jack looked at her in blank amazement and stammered, "Miss Douglas, well who are you?"

Me? Why I am Betty Douglass. Who are you?" she said teasingly.

"I'm Jack Whitmore." It was Betty's turn for surprise.

"Aren't you cousin Jack?" she cried beginning to be frightened.

"I'm cousin Jack but I don't know whether I'm your cousin Jack or not. Who is your cousin Jack?" he asked trying to smooth matters.

"Jack Southerland. Oh you horrid thing, why didn't you tell me who you were?" and Betty burst into tears.

"Calm yourself," said Jack beginning to get interested, "where does your cousin live?"

"Oh, I don't know," sobbed Betty, "I don't even know what he looks like."

"I know him," spoke up one of the men at the table, he stays at Green's over on the west side."

This was one consolation to Betty. "Oh do take me to him—can't you telephone?"

"Yes" returned Jack, but let's have supper first, then I'll take you to him." He was becoming interested in this little girl, and was really glad she was not her cousin, but he had forgotten all about his own little cousin Betty.

The telephone gave a sharp ring and the land lady answered it.

"Hello."

"Yes." Mr. Whitmore you are wanted at the telephone.

"Hello" said Jack.

"Yes."

"Yes." I've got her. Is my Betty over there?"

"Well that's a good one."

"Then you'll bring her over here this evening."

"All right. Goodbye."

Betty was all right now and she sat down and ate her supper.

About seven thirty Jack Southerland and Betty Whitmore appeared.

"Oh, Jack!" "Why Betty little girl!" "Oh I'm so glad I've found you" and during the confusion they straightened themselves out. The girls were glad to know each other and the boys who had never met before, knew that there was to be an everlasting friendship between them.

The two couples spent a happy evening on the front porch of the boarding house. It was decided that the girls should stay together that night, and before the party broke up it was also decided that they should all attend the foot ball game together.

After the girls had retired, they lay awake talking. There had been too much excitement that day for them to drop off to sleep without discussing things from the very beginning.

"Oh I think Jack Whitmore is just simply grand," said Betty Douglas.

"He isn't any more than Jack Southerland," replied Betty Whitmore. "He was so good to me, even after he found out we were not cousins."

"Oh Betty! do you really suppose——"

"Yes I really do" interrupted Betty Whitmore, giving her new friend an enthusiastic little hug. "I really think so" and the two girls dropped off to sleep, each happy in her own thoughts, that they might all be cousins after all.

—Ione Hauser '14.

UNEXPECTED COMPANY

Didn't study that far—

Lesson too long.

Didn't understand that part—

Late Hours.

ACROSTIC

(B)ernice Ricketts.

G(L)en Muirs.

Ira Arth(U)r.

Mike Grif(F)ith.

Bob Lef(F)ler.

Ramey Jon(E)s.

"Short" (R)ussell.

Les (S) Lynch.

Tell it to somebody else. They were "fussing."

THE SPIRIT

Vol. 1

APRIL 1912

No. 3

Published four times a year by the Students in the interests
of the Ames High School.

30 Cents a year.

Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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Articles must be written in ink on only one side of the paper.

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HERE is much satisfaction over the results of the recent school election of the Independent District of Ames. L. C. Tilden and Professor Meeker were elected by very complimentary majorities to fill the vacancies left by Mr. Wasser and Professor Noble who retire from the board with the good will of the public whom they have faithfully served.

L. C. Tilden was raised in this community and is a graduate of Ames High in 1882. He is now one of the most prominent business men in Ames and has always been working for her best interests.

Professor Meeker, head of the Mechanical Engineering department has been a great aid to the college during the erection of buildings and will be of equally great service to the board

and public in the erection and equipment of the new High School building.

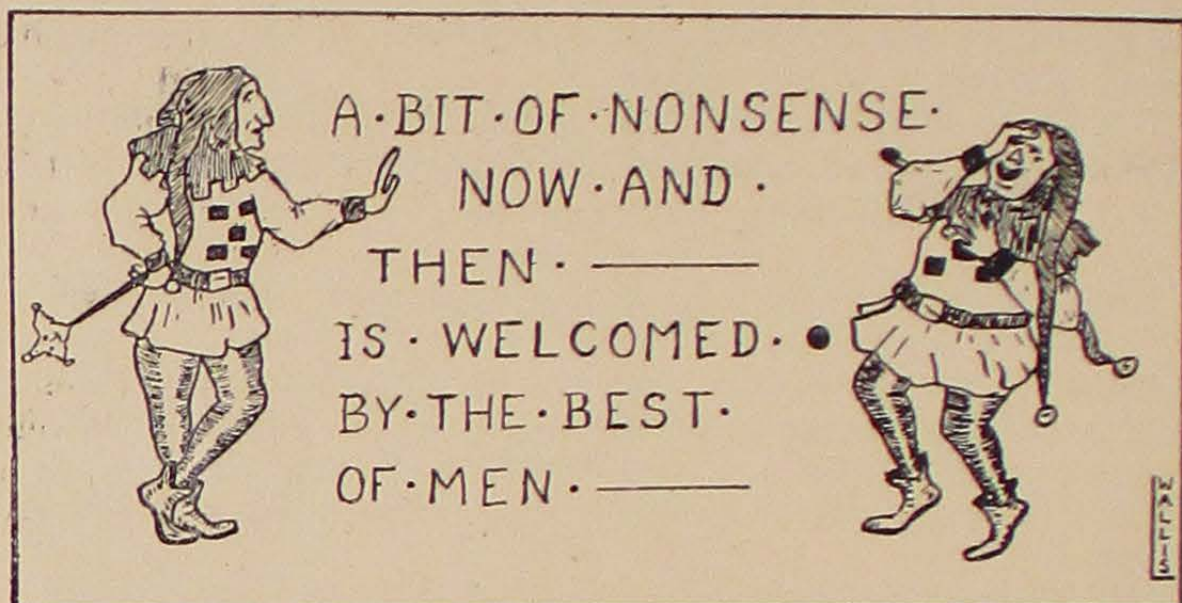
With such men on the school board, the public is confident of the success they will make in the accomplishment of the new plans for the betterment of our school.

Everyone is interested in the coming athletic season; especially so since Ames High is to have both track and base ball. It is well that we are interested, but we should not stop there, for it takes more than a passing interest to bring the most beneficial results from athletics during a season. If we cultivate this interest until it becomes "Pep" then things are bound to move.

This finished product can be applied in many ways. Every one can, and should, talk up the events, go to the games or meets, and help boost the team at all times. In times past, not enough people have turned out to the High School events. Why not make a record this year by everybody going to every event he can possibly attend. This increase of enthusiasm would not only help greatly at these games; but it would encourage and strengthen the whole tone of the school.

A LESSON IN ENGLISH

"When the English tongue we speak.
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak."
Will you tell me why its true.
We say "sew" but likewise "few."
And the fashioner of verse.
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse."
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard."
"Cord" is different from "word."
"Cow" is cow but "low" is low.
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose."
And of "goose" and also "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb."
"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say."
Why not "paid" and "said" I pray.
Wherefor "done" but "gone" and "tone."
Is there any reason known?"



Druggist: "Johnny, your mother just telephoned that she had the toothache. Will you take this up to her?"

Johnny: "Oh gowan! her teeths false."

Miss Bray: "Give an example of an interrogative pronoun, Glen."

Glen (hearing his name): "What?"

Miss Bray: "Correct."

THE HANDSOME ONES

Orvi (L) le Emery.

"Egg (I) e" Wallis.

Fr (A) nk Mixa

Ka (R) l Clapper

Miss Crawford: "Translate 'The Child gets sick and dies.'"

Pupil: "Das kind—Now what shall I do."

Miss Crawford: "Get sick."

Wanted: Some one to tell L. P. and G. M. that the desks and seats in the high school are only made for one each.

TRANSLATIONS FROM SENIOR GERMAN

"Mike" Griffith: "Elizabeth took her little curls from her lap."

Anita Meltzer: "Fred grew up behind the house."

Tillie Schlissel: "The boy departed carrying heavy hearts."

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE

Chas. Story: "They stabbed him with the year 1630."

Dick Conaway: "The King turned to Greece."

"Red" Hart: "The gunpowder plot was to blow out the king."

Seniors aren't always exempt from the Joke Book even if they do think the following:

The Seniors here are brave and bold
The Freshies weak and small
But it has never yet been told
Why the Juniors live at all.

—By a Senior.

ADS

Wanted—

To know the average age of faculty. Something to make us grow.—(?)———(?)

More earnestness on the south side of the assembly room—Teachers.

Different seat in History VI.—C. Read.

Something to overcome my timidity.—Sarah McElyea.

Something to make the clock go faster last period.—German Student.

Something to keep me on my feet in History VI.—Ira Arthur.

For Sale—

Information on how to keep from flunking.—Roger Williams.

Knowledge by the peck.—Seniors.

Poems.—Lula Gray.

Bull Dog! Will eat anything especially green articles. Apply to Juniors.

Book on how to grow tall.—Harriette Wilkinson.

Part of my wisdom in Alg. IV.—C. Gleason.

My patent on giggling—Florence Watkins.

Given Away on Receipt of a T. L.: The curl in the middle of my forehead.—C. Roach.

Losses—

A fountain pen, by a student half full.

Nothing like tooting your own horn!

Edith Curtiss: "Oh, Warren I have the grandest T. L. for you."

Warren: "My goodness, tell me."

"Edith Curtiss: "Someone said you were good looking."

Warren: "Oh, I'm just wild to know who?"

Edith Curtiss: "A blind man."

One Twin fell down at Mattie's feet
She couldn't tell which but he looked so sweet
Mattie blushing helped him to rise
He hopped up and coyly looked into her eyes
"Thank you" he murmured in accents low
Mattie's heart fluttered—she loved him so.

Miss Knudson: "Will Davis, what tense was that?"

Violet (answering): "Perfect."

She seems to know her name.

Teacher: "Ralph, who was Pluto?"

Ralph: "God of the Internal Region."

Miss Bray (comparing adj.): "If its the top its the top and it can't be any topper."

Whom the teachers try to work

Seldom work at all

But all the time they the teachers work

From spring till early fall (?)

Quiz: If one loaned a quarter to the Twins and both said they weren't the one what would one do?

Teacher: "What is the largest diamond?"

Small Boy: "Ace."

WOULDN'T IT SEEM STRANGE (?)

If Thora should poison "Ivy."

If Bailey Waltmire fell down stairs.

If Cliff Read was short.

If Helen went to Nevada "to see her Grandmother who will often 'Wright.'"

If Miss Bray didn't get in the Joke Book.

If Ada hadn't a temper.

If "Ike" wore ear rings.

If cases weren't shown in faces.

Miss Crawford (assisting in translation): "The stones in the graveyard struck him." (Talk about your miracles!)

Miss Johnson (in History to Ira putting on ear ring): "Are you trying to mock the girls, Ira?"

"Duke": "Well I want to look pretty."

ALG. IV CLASS NOTES

Miss Wakefield: "What is a case."

Nothing audible save a long sigh from Ada.

Miss Bray: "Stephen, what is the subject of this sentence — 'That that that that that girl passed was a noun is true.'"

Stephen: "That."

Miss Bray: "What that?"

Stephen: "That that."

Bernis Meltzer: "The God did not like what his wife had done so he killed her and buried her alive."

A stranger was visiting town and saw the word Lynch at the Arbor.

"Why how funny!" she exclaimed.

"I never saw lunch spelled that way before."

Miss Crawford (in Latin class): "Marion, what does it mean here where it says *dextrae iungere dextram*, or to join right hand with right hand?"

Marion: "It means something about marriage doesn't it?"

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Scarlet and Black, Centerville: You have a fine cover design and also some good stories.

The H. H. S., Hawarden: Why mix your advertisements and reading matter, as you do?

The Bulletin, Davenport: Your jokes are original.

Both the Daily Iowan of S. U. I. and the I. S. C. Student of Ames had St. Patrick day numbers to celebrate the occasion.

In the last issue of the Spirit we gave among the list of our exchanges the Oracle, N. H. S., Des Moines. This was a mistake as the Oracle has not yet made its appearance.

The following exchanges have been added to our list since our last issue: The Spectator, Waterloo; The Record, Sioux City. New college papers received are: The Cornellian, Cornell; The Weekly Highlander, Highland Park; The College Eye, Cedar Falls; The Collegium Forense, D. M. C., Des Moines; The Iowa Alumnus, S. U. I., Iowa City; The Cosmos, Coe, Cedar Rapids.

Tom: "What have you got that bandage around your head for?"

Bill: "A thought struck me."

Friend: "Come quick! Your husband is under the sofa doing the queerest stunts and swearing awfully."

Wife: "That's nothing! John's going to get an automobile next week and he's practicing up so he won't feel awkward."

Taken from some Geometry papers:

A perpendicular line is one that goes in the other direction.

Question: What is a curve?

Answer: A curve is a line that turns at the end and is not level.

LOCAL AND SOCIAL



A crowd of High School girls enjoyed a dinner party at the home of Miss Lollie Loughran '14, and afterward attended the Princess.

A birthday party in honor of Miss Florence Watkins, was given at the home of Miss Ada Cameron on March 4th.

Sallie McElyea gave a theater party at the Princess in honor of Hazel McCall, Doris Ambrose, Florence Bell and Eva Kurtz of Nevada.

Miss Helen King and Miss Ada Cameron were week end visitors of Miss Doris Ambrose of Nevada.

Fred Greenlee, who was home from Davenport recuperating was a visitor in the High School.

Miss Hazel McCall, Doris Ambrose, Florence Bell and Eva Kurtz, of Nevada, were delightfully entertained with a chafing dish luncheon at the home of Miss Violet Pammel.

Lisle Minert has returned to Ames High. It's a pretty good place after all.

Mildred Dodds '14 celebrated her fifteenth birthday at her home north of town. Fifteen couples enjoyed the occasion and presented Mildred with a gold jewel case.

St. Patrick's day failed to receive a celebration this year, as it fell on Sunday. However, a few people "wearin' the green" were in evidence on Monday morning.

The Juniors are making elaborate plans for the annual Junior-Senior reception, to be held in May. The date and place for holding the reception are as yet undecided.

Lee Henry, an ex. '13, leaves with his parents the latter part of the month for Michigan, where they will make their future home.

Hazel Gilchrist '13 was compelled to miss a few days of school on account of illness.

Miss Crawford: "Give me the Latin word for give."

Russell Rogers: "Do' no."

Clark Tilden '15 entertained the High School Y. M. C. A. recently. The Bible lesson was conducted by Mr. H. Clark, after which games were played and refreshments served.

Miss Anita Meltzer '12 gave a reading for the Nonpareil club at the home of Mrs. Waldo Stultz. Anita's readings are always greatly sought after and appreciated.

At a banquet given by the Baraccas, in honor of the Philatheas in the Christian church parlors, toasts were given by Misses Julia Arnold and Lura Buckton alumni of Ames High and also by Miss Ione Hauser '14.

At one of our recent assemblies Mr. Leonard Paulson gave an interesting talk to the high school. Mr. Paulson also had charge of the High School Y. M. C. A. meeting that evening. He is soon to leave for India where he is to take up Y. M. C. A. work. The girls quartette also sang a selection at this assembly and were heartily encored as they always are.

Miss Stoddard, formerly an instructor in Ames High, has been acting as substitute in the Brooklyn High School. She has been working in the English department there.

Miss Watkins, who was drawing teacher in Ames High for some time, is at Ashland, Oregon, thoroughly enjoying her work.

Mrs. Cushman, formerly Miss Mildred Dunning, visited Ames High a short time ago.

Mr. Roach recently took his Physics class down to the city power house to inspect it. Mr. Roach certainly knows how to make things interesting and practical for his classes.

Two new pupils, Bessie and Adolphus Cretsinger, have entered the Freshman class for the remainder of the year.

Mr. Fred McClennahan, State Inspector of High Schools, visited Ames High a short time ago.

Mr. Hicks was one of the judges of the Northwest District Oratorical Contest held at Denison, Friday evening, March 15th.

It has been reported that Mr. Champlin is not always at home on Sundays. Where does he go?

The Knights of Sir Galahad, a class in the Congregational Sunday school, of whom several are high school boys, held their annual banquet at the Y. M. C. A. building. Paul Storm '12 acted as toastmaster and toasts were given by Leslie Lynch '14 and Julius Beach '13.

There are eight contestants this year in the Declamatory Contest, which is to be given April 12th. This is preliminary to the High School Chautauqua Contest in August, in which the High Schools of the county participate. Of the Senior class the contestants are Daisy Mellor and Blanche Hyler, of the Junior Gladys Hultz and Margaret Noble, of the Sophomore Veta Greer and Frank Mixa and Harry White of the Freshman class. The winner of this contest receives five dollars in gold and, if also a winner in the contest between the high school, is given an additional five dollars. Every con-

testant is given a ticket to Chautauqua. Miss Alice McElrath has been secured by the school board to give the contestants two weeks of training. This is something which has never been done before. Any special training was secured by the individual pupil.

The spring vacation began the first of April. "Here's hoping" everyone enjoyed his vacation and has come back prepared for better work.

The Dissenter Literary Society entertained the Junto Society at the H. S. assembly room Friday evening, March 22nd. A program was given, consisting chiefly of a mock trial in which Julius Beach as Miss Junto sued Harry Greenlee as Mr. Dissenter, for breach of promise. The entertainment was much enjoyed and after the program delightful refreshments were served.

The Sophomore class party was the only one not in time for our last issue. It was held at the home of Pres. Stanton, Miss Mildred Potts '14 being a niece of Mrs. Stanton. The rooms were daintily decorated in valentines to keep in touch with the approaching fourteenth. The program consisted of short speeches and numerous games. One feature of the evening was the contest to find the most popular person present. The prize, a class pennant was won by the president of the class, Frank Mixa. Dainty refreshments were served in the latter part of the evening allowing plenty of time to make the last car to town. The chaperones Misses Schreiner and Payton highly complimented the class on their entertainment and will always be willing to help the Fourteens in their social stunts. The class is very grateful to Pres. and Mrs. Stanton for their kindness in letting the class use their home on such an occasion.

Preparations are already in progress for the several features of Commencement. A class meeting was held on February 19th and a committee consisting of Marvin Russell, Ada Cameron and Harriette Wilkinson was appointed to meet with Miss Schreiner and the trainer, Miss McElrath to select a class play. The committee has held one meeting and several plays are under consideration, but as yet none has been decided upon.

The '12 class is very fortunate in securing Miss Alice McElrath from the college as trainer not only for the class play but also for class day exercises. Previously the latter has been in the hands of a committee with the teachers help; but with the new arrangements it will not be so hard on anyone and the public may expect an excellent program.

The High School is always ready to listen to the Girls' Glee Club whenever they sing. There is only the regret that they do not sing oftener for us. The girls show great improvement as a result of careful training.

ATHLETIC



IN YEARS past the High School Athletic Association has not accomplished much and has had little power. The chief causes for its failure to do anything definite were that the Association was loosely organized and that it lacked a good written constitution.

This year it is planned to put High School athletics on a firm footing so that they will be profitable financially and otherwise. The Association has been reorganized and the Athletic Council has worked out a good constitution. These two movements will undoubtedly put our athletics where they should be.

On March 19th a meeting of the Association was held and about forty new members taken in. The new constitution was read and then discussed. Some of the questions brought up were left over to be referred to the Athletic Council. Some of the principal rules of the constitution are:

1. No ineligible student can vote for a captain, hold office or represent the school.
2. 5 per cent of the profit from each contest shall be put into a sinking fund. No money can be drawn from this fund except by special action of the Athletic Council.
3. Only those who belong to the Athletic Association can use the goods owned by it.
4. Any student who uses or lends the Association's goods to be used in any other than a High School contest is liable to a fine of \$1.00 and other penalty.
5. Higher requirements for "A."
 - a. For Track—First place in a dual meet or a point in an invitation meet of ten schools or more or in the State Meet.
 - b. For Base Ball.—Four winning or tied games. Seven innings make a game.
 - c. Foot Ball.—Two quarters of any three conference games, two of which must be either winning or tied.
6. The classes shall organize separate teams. First team men will engage in class track meets but will be barred from other class contests.

Now that a few have come together and put the Association on a good basis it is the duty of every boy in High School to join it and give it support. It only costs 50c and each member

has the privilege of using the Association's goods. Now when the Association's representative comes around sign your name, pay your 50c and then boost.

Special stress is laid on the proposition of class teams. Before this time there has been little class spirit. Now that the classes are all organized each one is going to get up its own athletic teams and there will be a battle royal for the supremacy. Here is a chance for every boy to show what he can do. If he doesn't make the first team, he will be sure to help his class. This is especially for the benefit of the younger fellows who do not make the first teams.

TRACK

For many reasons the outlook for a good track team this year is especially good. Very few of the old men were graduated and nearly all the others are back in school and on the job.

The home meet will be held on the college track. Every boy in school is eligible to enter this meet and it is the duty of every one to come out and help his class win points. This will be a chance for the younger fellows to come out and show what they can do. Besides the Marshalltown meet, April 27th, Ames is to be represented in several invitation meets at the Tri-State Meet at Keokuk and at the State Meet at Des Moines.

On March 12th the track men elected Raymond Jones captain for this spring. Ray has made a name for himself in Iowa High School athletics. He is a good student and athlete and is sure to make a good track captain.

BASE BALL

All but two of last year's base ball men are back in school this year. With this and other promising new material, the prospects for another championship team look very good. At the time of this writing no games have yet been scheduled although several are under consideration.

This year's team will have quite a responsibility to shoulder if it equals last season's record. It will be remembered that last year's team won every game on its schedule.

On March 13th the base ball men elected Will Davis captain. The vote was unanimous. "Bill" made a reputation as one of the best high school foot ball players in the state last fall. He is just as good in base ball and is sure to lead the nine through a successful season.

The following statement is the contents of a press telegram. It is taken from a letter received from Mr. Jenner, a former Ames High coach who is now connected with the Brush Colorado, High School:

"The Fort Morgan, Colorado, High School basket ball team with five years of experience and coaching and with an unbroken chain of victories plus the state championship title, went down in defeat to the Brush, Colorado, High School last night. The score was 28 to 18. In one season Coach Jenner has developed this championship team from raw material. Every man on the team played like a veteran."

GIRLS BASKET BALL

It is high time that the girls of Ames High are beginning to think of basket ball once more and to make active plans for a glorious season.

The report has been circulated that many of the girls of last years first team are seriously contemplating dropping out, but no loyal girl, who really has the right high school spirit, and who is really proud of old Ames High and her fame, is going to quit that she may attend a few more parties and dances, or read a few more novels she doesn't need. Aside from the benefit gained, high school days will soon be over and we don't want some new team in three or four years to say, "Yes, we are the first team they have had for some time, you know the girls in nineteen twelve gave it up, just lost interest seemingly!"

Our girls do not want to give up. They want to finish what they have started, and so all of the loyal ones will be back in the spring doing their best to make Ames known as one of the best basket ball towns on the map. And please remember, there is always a place for new girls. Even if you do not wish to play, join the association; help us out on finances if nothing else.

Y. M. C. A.

The High School Y. M. C. A. is still holding its meetings every Tuesday evening. There is now a membership of over twenty. The boys are doing some splendid work at their meetings but we wish more members of the upper classes would take advantage of this organization.

Mrs. Curtiss has been a great help to the boys, attending when she could and always ready to help them with plans.

Mr. Horace Clark, I. S. C. '15, has been able to attend most of the meetings and help the boys along.

Mr. Leonard Paulson, the state secretary of the Boys department, led the meeting of March 12th, and gave the boys a good boost.

Come on boys and help make the Y. M. C. A. a winner.

DISSENTERS

Officers were again elected February 8th. The result of the election was as follows:

President—Harry Greenlee.

Vice president—Marion Russell.

Secretary—Howard Park.

Treasurer—Leslie Lynch.

Marshal—Mr. Champlin.

Program Committee—Harry Greenlee, Howard Park, Clair Taylor, Paul Storm and Mr. Champlin.

The programs this term have been very good. In most of the meetings, there has been a well prepared debate for the main part of the program. At one meeting, Jay Clements read one of his short stories that would have been hard to equal, and at another, Mr. Champlin proved that he was a poet as well as a school teacher.

The society adjourned for the year the last Thursday evening before spring vacation.

JUNTO

The first meeting of the Girls Literary society for the second semester was held on February the second. After the reading of the constitution new names for membership were accepted and the following officers elected for the semester:

President—Genevieve Graves.

Vice President—Jeannette Knapp.

Secretary—Loretta Harriman.

Treasurer—Edith Curtiss.

Chaplain—Harriette Wilkinson.

Guard—Martha Farnum.

The programs this spring have been especially interesting. On February 9th the Juntos enjoyed a Valentine program followed by a Valentine box. February being the birthday month of two of our greatest statesmen, programs were given in honor of Lincoln and Washington. We also have enjoyed studying the poets Riley, Field and Longfellow as well as the statesmen. The girls all learned of the latest styles in millinery, hair dressing, etc., in a Ladies Home Journal program. Friday, March 15th was Junto Guest Day, each member was permitted to invite a guest. Including the members about sixty five were present, after a St. Patrick's program, refreshments consisting of white ice cream with a green shamrock in the center, green frosted cakes representing blarney stones and green stick candy (shillelahs) were served in room 3. The last meeting of Junto for this semester was to be a spring number, held on March 22nd.

ALUMNI NOTES

The class of '08 should feel greatly honored in that one of their members, Miss Ruth Barrett, was honor student in the General Science course at I. S. C. this year. Miss Barrett also won in the "Bomb" contest for the most popular girl at I. S. C. and added to her laurels by being the author of the play "Erin Go Braugh," which was chosen by the committee for the Senior Class Play Commencement week.

Ben Walker '09 has been elected for the coming year as editor-in-chief of the "Agriculturist," the college Agricultural paper published by the Ag students.

Dr. Lew Willey '07 who has been an instructor in Bacteriology in Minnesota University for almost a year was home to visit his parents on Sixth street for some time this winter. He attended the Vet banquet in Des Moines while here.

Misses Beulah Hoot and Delia Swain both '11 visited high school one day not long ago.

Nine members of the '08 and one from the class of '07 will graduate from the Iowa State College this year.

Elizabeth Canaday was the winner of the Cliolian Literary Society Oratorical Contest this spring, and will represent her society in the Inter-Society contest to be held in the near future.

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It is interesting to note that 22 of the 47 members of the class of 1911 have entered the various departments of I. S. C. Four others have entered various other schools, seven are teaching school, and the rest are preparing in some way to enter college this next fall.

Dayton Bolles and the writer will both enter in the semi-finals for the Kennedy cup debating trophy at the college this spring, and one or the other will be in the finals, as they are pitted against each other in the semi-finals, the former being one of the Delphian Literary Society's three representatives, the latter helping to represent the Welch Literary Society. Miss Muriel Griggs is an alternate on the former team. The debate is scheduled for about the first Friday after the spring vacation.

Lewis Sherman is attending the Four C's in Des Moines this year, but still holds to his intention of attending Ann Arbor in the near future.

Verne E. Wasser '10 was a participant in the Triangular debate between Ames, Drake and Grinnell this past month, debating against the Drake team on the I. S. C. platform.

Earl Smith '09 taught school most of the winter in an "in-corrigible" school up near Zearing, Iowa. Needless to say, the school in question has lost that appended title now.

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Miss Maisy Schreiner
Principal of High School

Our last number of "The Spirit," we most affectionately dedicate to Miss Schreiner in appreciation of her earnest efforts in our behalf. She has always been ready and willing, at the cost of much patient labor and of her utmost strength, to cheer and aid us in our daily struggle with the trials and tasks of school life. Her unfailing sweetness will have its influence over us throughout our entire life.



High School Faculty

Top row—Sue Knudson; Maisy Shreiner; Prin., Stella Henderson; Emily Johnson
 Middle row—Maude Wakefield; Chas. Roach; F. W. Hicks, Supt.; Howard Champlin; Ida Boyd
 Bottom row—Mable Payton; Estelle Bray; Beulah Crawford; Belle Johnson



SENIORS

CLASS OFFICERS

Era Arthur, President

Paul Storm, Vice President

Genevieve Graves, Secretary

Merrill Griffith, Treasurer



IRA ARTHUR

"Duke" "Ike"

Class Pres. '12
Class Play Manager
Editorial Staff

Base Ball
Dissenter

"Men's muscles move better when their lips are making merry music."

HAROLD BELL

"The winner is he who gives himself body and soul to his work."

OBERTON BOLLMAN

"Obe"

Track Dissenter
Foot Ball

"Notices the 'little' things in life."

RUTH BRITTEN

"Bud" "Shorty"

Junto Girls Glee Club

"Raise her up tenderly,
Handle with care,
Fashioned so s'enderly,
Young and so fair."

EVA BROOKS

Junto

"Modesty is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood."



ADA CAMERON

Class Play Literary Editor
Junto

"Ambition is a spirit in the world
that causes all the ebbs and flows of
nations."



KARL CLAPPER

"Babe"

Track Captain '11

"Happy. for a'l o' that."



JAY CLEMENTS

"Casey"

Dissenter

"You might as well try to father a
windmill by running oats through it."



HARRY DAVIS

"H"

Class Base Ball Captain

"He 'stoops' to conquer."



GILBERT DAVISON

"Sticky"

"Wi'l make good in the world for
his perseverance. Example: Dutch."



CLARENCE DEAL

"Spike" "Gabby"

Boys Glee Club Foot Ball
Dissenter Base Ball

"If thou desirest to be held wise be
so wise as to hold thy tongue."



MINNIE ELDRIDGE

"Tiny"

"A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mi'e."



VERE EWING

"Runt"

Editorial Staff Dissenter

"He wears the rose of youth upon
him."



ANNA FARNSWORTH

Gir's Glee Club (?)

"Her voice was ever soft and sweet
and low, an excellent thing in woman."



MARTHA FARNUM

"Fattie"

Junto Girls Glee Club
Editorial Staff

"Man is but breath and shadow,
nothing more."



GUY FINCHAM

"Country"

"The world knows nothing of it's greatest men."



ORRIE GHRIST

"Doc"

Foot Ball

"No thought, no sorrow, no care."



GENEVIEVE GRAVES

"Jabby"

Junto

Class Secretary

Editorial Staff

"A mighty spirit fills that little frame."



LULA GRAY

"Lewie" "Neut"

"Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."



MERRILL GRIFFITH

"Mike"

Track Orchestra Foot Ball

Base Ball

Class Treasurer

He's very strong in muscle,
In speech he's very blunt,
And when it comes to foot ball
He's right there with that stunt.



GERTRUDE HEGGIN "Gertie"
Judge thy brains no more."



ALICE HOOPER "Rusty"
"Slow but sure and very fond of the
other sex."



BLANCHE HYLER "Blossom"
Junto Girls Glee Club
"Will grant thee what thy heart
desires."



HAZEL JOHNSON
Pianist of Boys Glee Club
Class Song
"A diamond is a ring of acquaint-
ance (?)"



MILDRED LEITH
Junto
"A generous heart scorns pleasure
which gives others pain."



CARROLL McCARTHY

"Mac"

"Like punk, burns slow but gets here just the same."



DAISY MELLOR

"D. B."

Junto Class Play
Editorial Staff

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."



ANITA MELTZER

"Neats"

Class Play Junto
Class Secretary '11

"Her bewitching smile will brighten any Glen."



GLENN MUIR

"Hayseed"

"Of all the girls o'er land and see,
One of red hair has attractions for me."



BESSIE MYERS

"Bess"

"A faithful student wouldn't do a thing that's wrong."



LOIS PAMMEL

"Ludy"

Class Play Junto
Gir's Basket Ball Caiptain '09-'10

"Cute, cute, cute! What's life without a 'Gardner'."



GLEN ROBB

"Seldom knocks, and is never knocked on. Enough said."



ROY ROBB

"Of such clay men are made."



VIOLET ROBERSON

Junto Girls Glee Club

"Still water runs deep."



MAEEL ROSENFELD

"Silence has been given to woman the better to express her thoughts."



CLIFTON ROSS

"Slats"

"Much study both made him very lean and pale and leaden eyed."



MARVIN RUSSELL

"Short"

Class Play

Foot Ball

"A man is never too old to learn."



DONALD SCOVEL

"Tubby"

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."



CLAUDE SELLARS

"Chicken"

Foot Ball

"Our books are our best friends."



ELVA SIMS

"As silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."



GEORGE SIMS

"Like a pond, still, but deep."



PAUL STORM

"Bub"

Y. M. C. A. Class Play
Editor-in-Chief
Class Vice President '12

"Nearly killed once by a train of
thought passing through his mind."



CLAIR TAYLOR

"Cat"

Editorial Staff Dissenter
Debating Team '11-'12

"Neither eats, nor drinks; smokes,
nor chews; gambles, nor bets; plays,
nor works to excess."



FLORENCE TEMPLETON

"How long, O Lord, how long?"



LEONARD WALLIS

"Eggie"

Editorial Staff Class Play

"I don't, I won't, I can't, I shan't
No!"



BLANCHE WASSER

"Madge"

Junto

Orchestra

"Just watch Blanche's fingers trip
up and down the piano,
She'll make good music for some
man's ear."



FLORENCE WATKINS

"Fat"

Junto

"Patience is a female virtue no-
where so conspicuous as at a dressing
table."



BETH WELLMAN

"Cutey"

Junto

Editorial Staff
Class Poet

"'Tis the mind that makes the body
rich."



HARRIETT WILKINSON

"Hat"

Junto

Class Play

"A woman's heart, like the moon is
always changing but there is always
a man in it."

CHARACTER SKETCHES

NAMES	SMILES	SCOWLS	SINGS	SWEATS
Donald Scoville.....	Because he's built that way.	When "X" wont equal "O."	To be cheerful.	Over any exertion.
"Mike" Griffith.....	When he wants to look pretty.	For a bluff.	When he's happy.	At class play "Try-Outs."
Daisy Mellor.....	At that which is right.	At that which is wrong.	To make a noise.	To get her "Dutch".
"Short" Russell.....	Indiscriminately.	Over his luck.	Like a Nightingale.	When walking back.
Ira Arthur.....	At the Faculty.	When he's "peevd."	In his sleep.	To get "More-land."
"Spike" Deal.....	When he sees (a) Violet.	At the mirror.	Out of tune.	To make a "hit."
Ada Cameron.....	Whenever she hears a "Russell."	For effect.	Most of the time.	To catch the car.
Minnie Eldridge.....	Because its right.	If she has to.	Very softly in leed.	In order to live.
Martha Farnum.....	Always.	?	Melodiously.	Getting Alg. IV.
Orrie Ghrist.....	When he gets his Nebraska Letter	Just to be doing.	All the time.	To get to school on time.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

NAMES	SMILES	SCOWLS	SINGS	SWEATS
Clifton Ross.....	At the pretty girls.	When no one sees him.	Like a Foghorn.	To get a girl.
Lois Pammel.....	When he is "Loyal"	Just for fun.	Beautifully.	To get her lessons(?)
Violet Roberson.....	When she thinks you aren't looking.	Over exams.	At Tues. a. m. Assembly.	When called to recite.
"Eggy" Wallis.....	At the moon.	From force of habit.	All the popular songs.	When he makes a "date."
Glen Muir.....	Like a Chimpanzee.	When Necessary.	Like a Katydid.	For her sake.
Genevieve Graves.....	At everybody.	Never.	On special occasions.	Over Geometry.
Roy Robb.....	About once a week.	Perpetually.	For any audience.	When he looks at the girls.
Florence Watkins.....	When she's tickled.	In the dark.	When she feels like it.	To keep her hair in curl.
Mildred Leith.....	At the deserving.	When she's angry.	To be sociable.	To be a "shark."



THE SPIRIT

Vol. 1

MAY 1912

No. 4

Published four times a year by the Students in the interests
of the Ames High School.

30 Cents a year.

Single copies, 15 Cents

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Art EditorLeonard Wallis
Business ManagerClair Taylor
Assistant ManagerGlen Muir

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EDITORIAL

OUR NEW PRINCIPAL

Our school board acting upon the recommendation of Superintendent Hicks has elected Mr. Carl M. Bair as principal of Ames High School for next year.

Mr. Bair graduated from Grinnell College, specializing in History and Economic Science. While at Grinnell he figured in athletics and has been the coach of different teams over the state since graduating.

At Sioux City he was head of the Department of History and also had charge of their athletics.

Mr. Bair will come here from LeMars, Iowa, where he is principal and athletic coach in the high school there.

The school and the community are loath to lose Miss Schreiner but as she is determined to go we are very fortunate in securing a person such as Mr. Bair to fill the vacancy in Ames High.

After six years of arduous duties, as Principal of Ames High School, Miss Maisy Schreiner will spend a year in rest and study.

Always helpful, hopeful and cheery, Miss Schreiner has been an inspiration to her students and fellow teachers. The parents who have known her have felt it a privilege to have their children under her care.

Earth has no measure for the good influence which such a teacher wields and no rewards great enough for her.

At this parting of the ways, the good wishes of all go with Miss Schreiner in whatever path she chooses.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The annual Junior-Senior Reception was held April nineteenth at Alumni Hall which was beautifully decorated with unique designs in class colors and flowers. The custom of the souvenir booklets was followed and all were kept busy securing the names of those present.

A pleasing program was given consisting of the following numbers:

Address of Welcome—Harry Greenlee.

Vocal Solo—selected—Janet Knapp.

Prophecy—Franklin Hambleton.

Summer Roses—High School Quartette.

Farce—"Quits"—Members of Junior Class.

Music was furnished by the High School Orchestra throughout the evening.

Following the program delightful refreshments were served in the cafe.

SENIOR-JUNIOR PICNIC

In past years it has been the custom for the Senior class to entertain the Juniors. The 12's continued this custom by giving the 13's a picnic at Zumwalt Park Monday, May 20th. A picnic supper and "wiennie roast" in the woods were enjoyed by a large number from both classes. No program was carried out and the notorious peace pipe was not in evidence.

A pleasant surprise was given the classes in a candy treat which was supplied by Miss Wakefield and Miss Schreiner who accompanied the picnickers to the woods.



JUNIORS

THE GHOST OF MORRISTOWN

In three parts.

Part Three.



The difficulty of keeping any affair quiet in a small village was as great as ever, and before evening of the next day all Morristown had heard of the ghost and before a week had passed all Morristown had seen that ghost. It is needless to say that she was upset, that she grew pessimistic, that she devoted herself entirely to the 'Reign of Terror' and that, consequently, the strangest things began to happen.

Jerome Bailey, for instance, who had a nice tenor voice and delighted to use it along the highways where the whole village could receive the benefit, grew strangely silent and was rarely seen after night fall; while Abe Nash, who could not distinguish the tune of 'Yankee Doodle' from that of 'Nearer My God to Thee' and who had a voice like the steam calliope lately heard at I. S. C., began to sing battle hymns as soon as the evening shadows fell. Samuel Perkins, who was awfully timid of firearms, began to carry a revolver although the cold of the metal reduced him to a panic, and Joel Ridgeway, the Caesar of Morristown, began to lose all control over his actions. He thought himself to be in supreme peril after dark and try as he might he could not steady his nerves; as soon as the sun went out of sight every tissue of his body began to creep and crawl.

It is true that Joel had more reason than anyone else to be so utterly paralyzed for that ghost seemed determined to reduce him to the same state as itself. It allowed no night to pass without presenting itself either to the sight or the hearing of the Ridgeway household. The wise and the ancient of the village declared solemnly that the "judgement o' the Almighty" had descended upon Joel's head and they drew up a paper with all the ceremonies of the law asking this Caesar to give up the throne. And Caesar, with all the fire and dignity of his forebears, told the deacon who presented the paper to "Shet up! an' git out." And the deacon licked his lips, tried to frame a reply, failed and got out, Joel throwing some sort of a benediction after him in a voice that sounded like the sawing of a meat bone.

On the Sunday following this the parson's six year old son came home white and trembling, declaring that he had seen the ghost in the graveyard. Upon investigation the ghost proved to be Granny Voder's old white turkey gobbler. After that no one mentioned the ghost in the parson's presence.

Now during all these weeks Kiziah Jenkins had remained "progressive." She stood with the parson and never so much as wasted a look on Jerome Bailey whom she considered to be the author of all this trouble. But she was a trifle shaken on her firm foundation when, one evening, Nancy Greenleaf, an honest, sensible little woman, came running in, her apron strings agog. She stood a moment wildly swallowing, then torrentially the words came out.

"Th' ghost chased a book agent out o' our yard jest now an' I see him plain as day."

For a moment Kiziah started then she drew herself up with a jerk. "I'd be willin' t' give a ghost three square meals a day an' my spare room t' sleep in ef he'd keep agents away. Pesky things!"

"But, Kiziah, I never b'lieved there was a ghost, but there is. I seen him."

"I ain't no reason t' doubt your word, but I'm not going t' b'lieve there is a ghost till I see him myself. Ma's sick an' I'm goin' over t' Ridgeway's after herbs fer tea. Will you stay with her?"

"Yew ain't goin' alone?"

"Why not? I ain't afraid o' th' dark. An' don't yew be tellin' Ma about th' ghost an' the agent."

Kiziah reached Ridgeway's safely and started back at once with the herbs. By the time she reached the woods the moon was well up and she paused at the foot of a hill to look up at a few pines keeping lonely watch over the golden tinted valley below. Then suddenly something white and ghostly came into the range of the girl's vision. Kiziah gasped and dropped the herbs. She had seen the ghost! Then the fire and courage of Scotch ancestors stirred in her veins and picking up a huge piece of wood she waited for the ghost that was making its way down the hill toward her.

"Somethin's goin' t' get hurt," she announced grimly to the silence.

On came the ghost and steadier grew the girl's nerves. Calmly she picked up the herbs and calmly she spoke to the white figure now opposite her. "Whatever yew be you're goin' t' git hurt unless——."

The ghost made the fatal mistake of interrupting her with a laugh that was meant to be hollow.

"Jerome Bailey!" Kiziah gasped, dropping the herbs again. "Jerome Bailey!"

The ghost cast aside his ghostly raiment. "It's me." Jerome announced in anything but a pleasant voice.

"Be yew th' ghost?"

"Reckon I am. See here, Kiziah, I was only gittin' even with Joel fer goin' t' singin' school that night. I didn't aim t' scare th' hull creation."

"Jerome Bailey, yew're goin' with me to Joel's right now, jest as yew be, an' tell him."

"Heavens, Kiziah, I——."

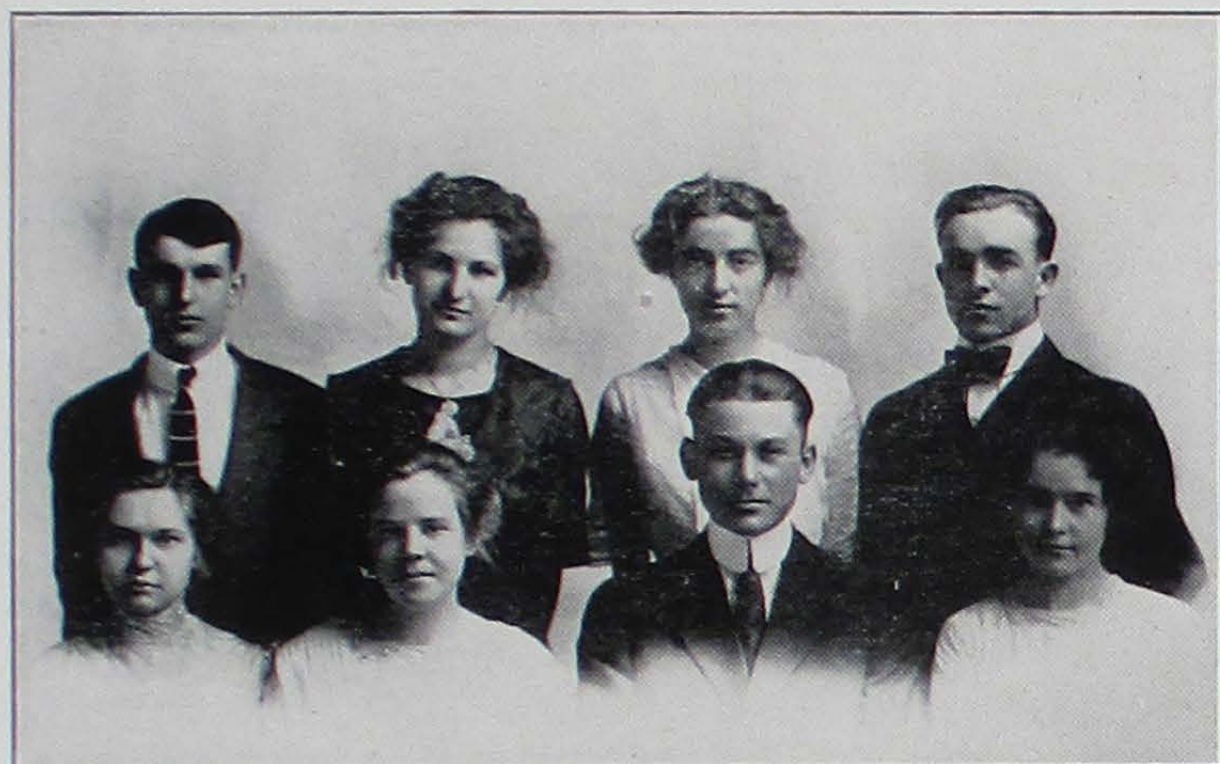
Down the road came the tramp of horses and a clear whistle. A wicked gleam came into Kiziah's eyes. "Thet's Joel! An' I'm not goin' t' let you hev all the fun out o' this preformance. But mind yew never appear agin after tonight. When I scream you run after me, we'll see what he'll do." The scream Kiziah let out would have frozen the blood in any man's veins. Joel bit the stem of his pipe in two, and was unconscious of the fact until he had swallowed one half of it. Straightway he turned his horses about and started for Jenkins in a roundabout way. He reached the big gate just as Kiziah opened it.

"I tried t' over take yew," Joel whispered, the pipe stem would not allow him to speak louder. "I s'pose yew b'lieve in ghosts now?"

Kiziah tried to look as frightened as possible. "Maybe I do," she stammered. At the kitchen door she paused and laughed back at the man. "Thet ghost 'll never show hisself agin, Joel. Yew're rid of him fer good."

And to this day Joel is wondering if Kiziah would have been burned as a witch had she lived in the time of Cotton Mather for neither he, nor any person of the village, ever saw that ghost again.

Kiziah and Jerome have since been married and are on the best of terms.—Jean Dillabeaux.



Ames High School Senior Class Play

"Tommy's Wife"

Opera House, Friday Evening, May 3
1912

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

Act 1—In Carothers' Studio, afternoon.

Act 2—Same scene. Afternoon, two weeks later.

Act 3—Library at Edith's home. Evening of same day.

Place—New York City.

Time—February, 1905.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Thomas Pittman Carothers, a promising young portrait painter, as yet unknown to fame	Leonard Wallis
Rose Carothers, his sister	Ada Cameron
Dick Grannis, Carothers' chum, in love with Rose	Marvin Russell
Patty Campbell, a student at the Broadway Dramatic School	Lois Pammel
Mrs. De Yorburgh-Smith, a wealthy society woman	Harriett Wilkinson
Sylvia, her daughter. "young and impressionable"	Anita Meltzer
Pierre De Bouton, a French fencing-master	Paul Storm
Edith Bronson, a friend of Rose. interested in charities..	Daisy Mellor
Ira Arthur	Property man
Alice Heathcote McElrath	Trainer

Senior Class Program 1912

Music	High School Orchestra
Introduction by Class President	Ira Arthur
Class Poem	Beth Wellman
Music	Senior Girls' Chorus
Retrospect	Vere Ewing
Illustrated by Class Artist	Genevieve Graves
Prospect	Clair Taylor
Music—Piano Duet	Hazel Johnson and Violet Roberson
Living Pictures—Characters from Charles Dickens—1812-1912	
Little Nell, with her Grandfather	Bessie Myers
Bill Sikes, with his dog	Orrie Ghrist
Betsy Trotwood	Florence Templeton
Mr. Pickwick	Donald Scovel
Little Dorrit	Alice Hooper
Uriah Heep	Clifton Ross
Mrs. Squeers	Ruth Britten
Mr. Pecksnick	George Sims
Sairy Gamp	Mattie Farnum
Music	High School Orchestra
Farce—"A Perplexing Situation"	

Cast of Characters

Mr. Middleton, who is inclined to be miserly	Clarence Deal
Mrs. Middleton, his patient wife	Gertrude Heggen
Tom Middleton, his son	Carrell McCarthy
Jessie Middleton, his eldest daughter	Blanche Wasser
Sue Middleton, his second daughter	Mildred Leith
Lucy Fair, a niece whom he has adopted	Lulu Gray
Maude, a friend of the fami'y	Florence Watkins
Mrs. Nosie, a neighbor who likes to investigate mysteries	Blanche Hyler
Alexander Wilson, Jessie's young man	Glen Muir
Mary, the Irish servant	Anna Farnsworth
Fritz, the man of all work	Karl Clapper
Uncle Epitumas, from way up country who has come down to look around a spell	Jay Clements
Health officer	Merrill Griffith
Music	High School Orchestra
Senior Class Song	Class of 1912
Donald Scovel, property man	Alice Heathcote McElra'h, trainer

PRESIDENTS ADDRESS

The program which the Seniors of 1912 will give to night is but a fitting close to the work which we have just completed in Ames High School. It contains musical, literary and dramatic numbers and will show the varied talents of the class. There will also be several numbers by the High School Orchestra.

At this time it seems proper to mention the advancement which has been made in the school since our class started, four years ago. It is very evident that the Ames public takes a great interest in its schools and especially in its High School. The new building which is now being erected would be a credit to a much larger town. At Boone, a city of twice the size of Ames, they are about to put up a building that will cost no more than the one which is being erected here. The different courses of study have been strengthened and broadened and next fall several new ones are to be introduced. To do this it has been necessary to secure instructors of ability and to pay higher salaries. All this has been done by the School Board to better conditions in the High School.

On the other hand the students have taken hold of the various High School enterprises with much enthusiasm. The paper that was started last fall is a big success; an annual is now being compiled; forensics have been developed; a Y. M. C. A., an orchestra and several glee clubs have been organized and never before has Ames been so well represented in the various kinds of athletics. All this has required interest and much hard work on the part of the student body.

With a wise and liberal School Board, a considerate and enthusiastic student body and the best faculty that has ever been here our school has enjoyed the most successful year in its history. Our class has helped faithfully in this general betterment of the school. Not only in athletics, in forensics, and in the various enterprises but we have the strongest class room record of any class that ever graduated from Ames High School.

We have been anxious to get our diplomas and then go on into something larger. Now that it is time for us to leave that little world of ours, we hesitate and would put it off awhile. But the Juniors are waiting for our place and we must move on.

We hope that you will find this evening's program interesting and entertaining. In behalf of the class of 1912 I bid you all a most hearty welcome.

RETROSPECT

As commencement draws near a retrospective feeling seems to creep over the class of 1912. They seem to feel able to look back over the four years that they have been in high school and recall every incident as though it had happened but yesterday.

They can remember back in the fall of 1908 when they entered the high school as freshmen. They were seated in rooms six or four, these being the rooms in which all freshmen are seated. There were 123 of them, awkward and green. They got mixed up in the signals and in the different rooms. They got lost in the assembly room and stumbled over the stairs. Altogether, although they were beyond the average both in number and brains, they caused the faculty much trouble. During this year no great part was taken in the athletics of the school.

But the next fall there was a great deal of difference to be noticed, not so much in the matter of causing the faculty trouble but in the way in which they appeared. They now had a look of more self-possession or self-conceit on their faces. There were ninety pupils in the class that year, some having fallen behind, or dropped out to attend other schools. They were now advanced from rooms six and four to rooms seven and two. They no longer got lost or mixed up, but rather looked down upon the freshman class and often helped to keep them in their places or even to show them where their places were. This year Merrill Griffith especially distinguished himself in athletics.

In the Junior year a number dropped out but four new pupil were added making an enrollment of thirty seven. During this year Karl Clapper won fame for his class and school by winning the mile run at the state meet at Des Moines. Anita Meltzer distinguished herself and honored the class in the Chautauqua Declamatory class. Several of the boys made the foot ball and base ball teams. A party was given during the winter by Harriet Wilkinson, Florence Watkins, Ada Cameron, and Lois Pammel at the Pammel home. The Junior-Senior reception was held at Alumni Hall. The Seniors were entertained by the Juniors who gave the play "My Lord in Livery." This was the first time that a play had been given at a Junior-Senior reception. The Seniors entertained the Juniors at a picnic held at Zumwalt's park.

This year there are fifty Seniors, four new ones joining the class, Donald Scovel, Leroy Robb, Glenn Robb and Vere Ewing. Of the 123 pupils who started in in the freshman year sixty-

eight have dropped out during the four years, some to attend college or some other school, eight have graduated in three years, and fourteen have decided to stay longer in the high school. This class is probably the best that has ever graduated from Ames High School. To prove this we have gathered a few statistics. The average age of the class is 18. The average weight is about 150 pounds. The average height is about 5 feet 8 inches. These figures prove conclusively that this class has had no equal in the history of the school. We have also in our class Karl Clapper one of the fastest mile runners in any high school in the state. Donald Scovel, the happiest boy in school who is never seen without a grin spread over his expansive countenance. Jay Clements, the champion boy piano player who has won fame by playing the piece entitled "Casey Jones." Merrill Griffith, Clarence Deal, Marvin Russell, Leonard Wallis and Oberton Bollman were members of the foot ball team. And Harry Davis, Clarence Deal and Merrill Griffith are members of the base ball team. In the Chautauqua Declamatory contest held an April two Senior girls, Daisy Mellor and Blanche Hyler were entered, and although they did not win they at least performed very creditably, Clair Taylor, the orator of the class, was a member of the debating team which went against the Algona team. He is also student representative in the Athletic Council and business manager of the Spirit, which he has helped to make a success. He also added to his fame recently by giving advice to the whole school at the Senior assembly. Among the Seniors who performed at this assembly were Anita Meltzer, who gave two readings, Lois Pammel who sang two solos and Blanche Wasser who played a piano solo. This assembly was certainly a success from every point of view, and it entertained the whole school and gave them something to remember us by.

The first social event of the season was the Senior party given at Red Men's hall. Again this year the Junior-Senior reception was given at Alumni Hall. The Junior class besides other interesting numbers gave a play, "Quits."

The next event on the social calendar was a Senior party given by Miss Hazel Johnson at her home at the college. Every one had a fine time especially those who were forced to walk to town.

The Junior class was entertained by the Seniors at a picnic at Zumwalt's park. Everyone enjoyed the good things to eat especially the stick candy given by the Misses Schreiner and Wakefield.

A large number took part in the try-out for the class play. Those who made up the cast were Paul Storm, Leonard Wallis, Marvin Russell, Daisy Mellor, Harriette Wilkinson, Lois Pammel and Ada Cameron, with Ira Arthur as property man.

The play "Tommy's Wife" was given very successfully to a large crowd at the Armory.

As we review the events of the last four years, which have been the happiest of our lives, regret possesses us that at last we must leave old Ames High. We are the last class to leave the old building. A new building has been erected to provide for the classes of the future, but we feel sure that never will any class come forth into the world with brighter prospects than the class of 1912.—Vere Ewing.

PROSPECT

Our high school life has come to a close and it behooves us to realize that the foundation of our future life has been laid. Some have built their foundation upon rock, others possibly upon sand but I believe we all feel that the four years spent in high school have better prepared us to face this busy commercial world. The years of preparation are over and we must come out before the world and fight the moral and financial battles of life.

But upon the broad horizon we can see a future far grander than the past. There is a broad field lying before us; the world is at our command and we hope that we are worthy of the many opportunities and advantages that are open to us.

Probably the first great move of the future will be toward a college education. It is gratifying indeed to note that 32 out of our class of 49 are anticipating entering college next fall or in the near future. Since all of us will not receive a college education we are interested to know the future of the rest of the class. Never before has it been possible to know the future. Other classes have prophesied but this the only class which positively knows. By the aid of the moon, the stars and a careful psychological investigation I have been able to determine with a fair degree of accuracy the future of the class of 1912 which I hope will prove as correct as the weather forecast in the daily papers or almanac.

Vere Ewing in his study of the theory of evolution will prove that man is not a descendent of the ape.

With years of training in kindergarten and academy we will find Marvin Russell as the chief operator in the sparking department of the Suffragette School of Electrical Engineering with Lulu Gray, Elva Sims and Ada Cameron as the chief victims.

Mildred Leith will be a missionary to Mars accompanied by Leonard Wallis and Blanche Hyler will teach the natives the popular dances of the smart set of fashionable society in New York City.

Guy Fincham will be the Luther Burbank of 1925 by grafting the milk weed onto the strawberry vine. He will furnish Gilbert Davison with strawberries and cream for his Broadway ice cream parlor. He will also show the farmers how to raise potatoes in a dry season by planting a row of onions between two rows of potatoes. The strength of the onions will make the potatoes eyes water which will supply their needed irrigation.

Gertrude Heggen will be the principal in a modern township high school.

Harry Davis' work in making aerial navigation practicable will mean the complete defeat of Albert B. Cummins by Hon. Ira J. Arthur for U. S. senator because of his inability to recognize the difference between aerial and steam navigation in making express and passenger rates.

Lois Pammel will appear as the prima donna with Jay Clements as pianist in the Bell Grand Opera Company in Ames 1937 in the million dollar Metropolitan Theater on Broadway formerly known as Hoggatt Ave.

Orrie Ghrist's ingenuity will work out a complete invisible secret service system to convey messages between students. This will make it possible for Violet Roberson and Ruth Britten to teach.

Claude Sellers will compile a new dictionary so that the grandparents will better understand the phrases used by the youngsters of the twentieth century.

Hazel Johnson will be Judge of the District Court of Cook County, Illinois and will necessitate the establishment of the Robb Bros. detective agency.

Florence Watkins will run a matrimonial bureau in Chicago, and Carroll McCarthy will have a Justice's office nearby. Students be sure and give them a trial.

Blanche Wasser under a different name will be teaching German in A. H. S. in 1927 to succeed Miss Crawford.

Anita Meltzer's environment will inspire her to write novels and to raise tulips by the lonely Glen.

Paul Storm whose wonderful success as Editor of the Spirit will enable him to secure the position as Associate Editor of the Ames Daily Intelligencer and later hold the same position on the New York World.

We will find Harriet Wilkinson a Parisian model of exquisite beauty and greatly sought after by the famous modern artists Merrill Griffith and George Sims.

Martha Farnum and Clifton Ross will consolidate their establishment of fat reducer and restorer and thus save advertising expenses.

Donald Scoval a yell leader of notoriety will be mascot of Harvard University.

Karl Clapper will run (not the mile) but a toy shop in Switzerland.

Anna Farnsworth, a domestic science expert will devote her time to cooking for two.

Our nation will be saved from complete humiliation in our future war with Japan by Clarence Deal as commander of the naval forces and Oberton Bollman of the land forces while Mable Rosenfeld and Alice Hooper will be red cross nurses to care for the wounded Japs.

From the rapid advancement of the Suffragette movement we can some day expect to find Daisy Mellor as chief executive

of the United States with Minnie Eldridge secretary of state, Eva Brooks secretary of treasurer, Florence Templeton secretary of war and two added departments with Bessie Myers secretary of peace and Genevieve Graves secretary of fashions with Beth Wellman at the head of the millinery department.

Each member of the class of 1912 will be a live wire radiating from that gigantic dynamo, Ames High School to the various parts of the world. All of us may not sit in high places but each one of us has a work to do and we will strive "little by little" until we have reached the goal.

It will be our aim to make a better nation through good citizenship, strong patriotism and noble deeds.—Clair Taylor.

Senior Class Song

(By Hazel Johnson.)

Four long years ago we entered old Ames High,
And our steady work has brought us now so nigh,
But we've gained this honor dear, with the teachers ever
near,
For they know just how reward may be achieved,
Up the path of truth and learning we have climbed.
And at the summit, victory we find
So now let us sing, let our voices ring,
For the lavender and the gold.

CHORUS:—

Old Ames High to you we'll always be true blue;
We've worked bravely, now we're through,
If a sheepskin fair you'd have, you all must delve,
Quite like the model class you see of nineteen twelve.

The time draws near when from our classmates dear,
We will be parted, oh, for many a year,
We'll remember in life's frays
The Golden haze of our school days,
When from our classes, we'll be free,
To the Juniors, ever loyal, now good bye
And to the teachers all with aims so high,
Now to the school, we bid adieu,
And true to it we'll be.

CHORUS:—

The Class of 1912

The Class of 1912 extends
To you best wishes true
We trust that every joy you wish
May really come to you.

Showain-neme-shin we were named
Though every one's agreed
A stupid blunder then was made
For "we" no "pity" need.

Our talents you have seen displayed
In many different ways
And these same talents were applied
On each of our school days.

For high ideals and noble work
This class will firmly stand.
Our future we shall try to make
As perfect as we've planned.

The teachers who have trained our class
Will always give it laud.
They know among the twelves at least
There's never any fraud.

The world will surely praises sing
To glorify our name
While others in the school admire
Yet envy us our fame.

Showain-neme-shin always wins
In everything it tries
'Tis sure a famous class and bold that
In honor with us vies.

Our motto we have carried out
The very best we could
And little by little won our way
As few have thought we would.

And now as leaving old Ames High
We face the world alone
Our motto will forever be
For us a stepping stone.

So here's to the class of 1912.
And here's to the alumni
And here's to the teachers faithful true
And here's to old Ames High.

—Beth Wellman '12.

Senior Class Yell

Zip! Zip! Zis! Boom! Bah!
'12! '12! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class Motto

"Little by Little."

Class Colors

Lavender and Gold.

Class Flower

Yellow Rose.



HW

SOPH



High School Orchestra

Standing left to right—Bailey Waltmire, Leland Spangler, Robert Barnes, Glen Easterly
Sitting left to right—Richard Conaway, Verr Nunamaker, Nina Nunamaker, Blanche Wasser, Merle Rutherford, Orlo Best



Girls' Glee Club

Top row—Gladys Johnson, Grace Cole, Hazel Johnson, Ruth Britten, Blanche Hyler, Naomi Cattell
Middle row—Velma Griffith, Bernice Easterly, Edna Clark, Yetta Olson, Iva Sylvester, Merle Rutherford, Lela Golden
Bottom row—Lulu Keigley, Violet Roberson, Zeta Best, Ione Houser, Violet McDonald, Martha Farnum, Mildred Pettibone



Boys' Glee Club

Top row left to right—Ralph Downey, Wayne Hunter, Richard Conaway, Harry Greenlee
Bottom row left to right—Laverne Buckton, Howard Parks, Clarence Deal, Charlie Story, Herbert Downey



Girls' Quartette

Loretta Harriman

Lois Pammel

Margaret Noble

Violet Pammel

High School Song

(By Ronald Allen.)

1. Of all the schools we honor,
In thought or word or deed,
Ames High School holds the banner,
And always takes the lead.
She always wins the game
On foot ball, field or track
While the air is filled with fame
For the Orange and the Black.
2. To the work of all the teachers,
We'll all give cheers of praise,
And vow to ever help them
Ames High School name to raise.
In the minds of all the students
Great spirit will never lack
To work and ever honor
The Orange and the Black.
3. When the four hard years are over;
Our diplomas all received;
O'er the world we'll start our travels
Over land and over sea.
But where e'er we then may wander,
We will turn our memories back,
And think of days in A. H. S.
'Neath the Orange and the Black.

Oh, You Old Ames High

(By Grace Cole.)

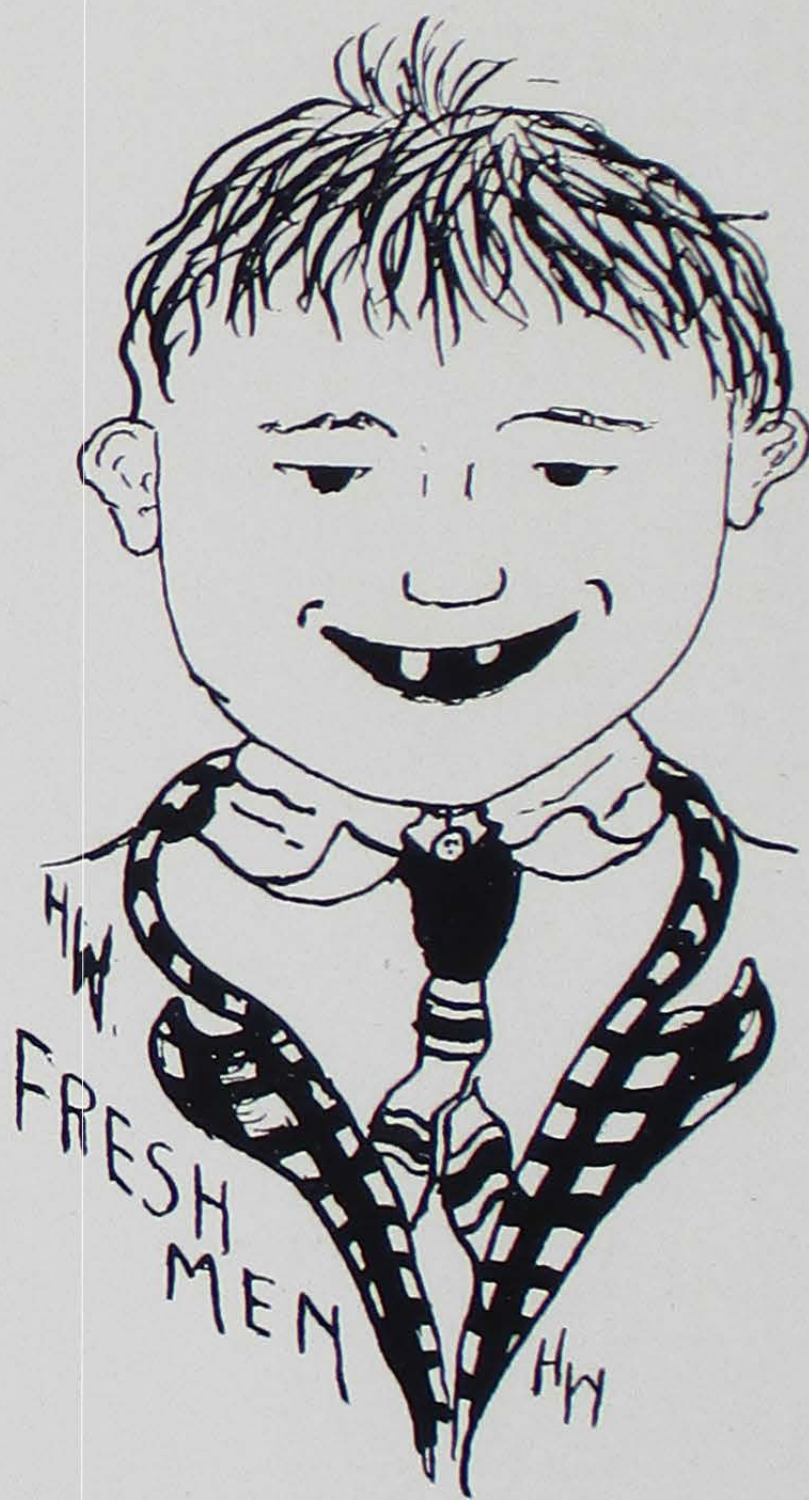
1. Well, here's old Ames High today,
She's been holding the full sway,
In the right she wins the fight,
In playing foot ball, they say,
Just because they lose a game,
That's no sign they have no fame,
So with our emblem, let us cheer them
We sure can make things hum,
With our Rixy! Raxy! Sis! Boom Bah!
Ames High! Ames High! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ames High! Rah! Rah! Rah!

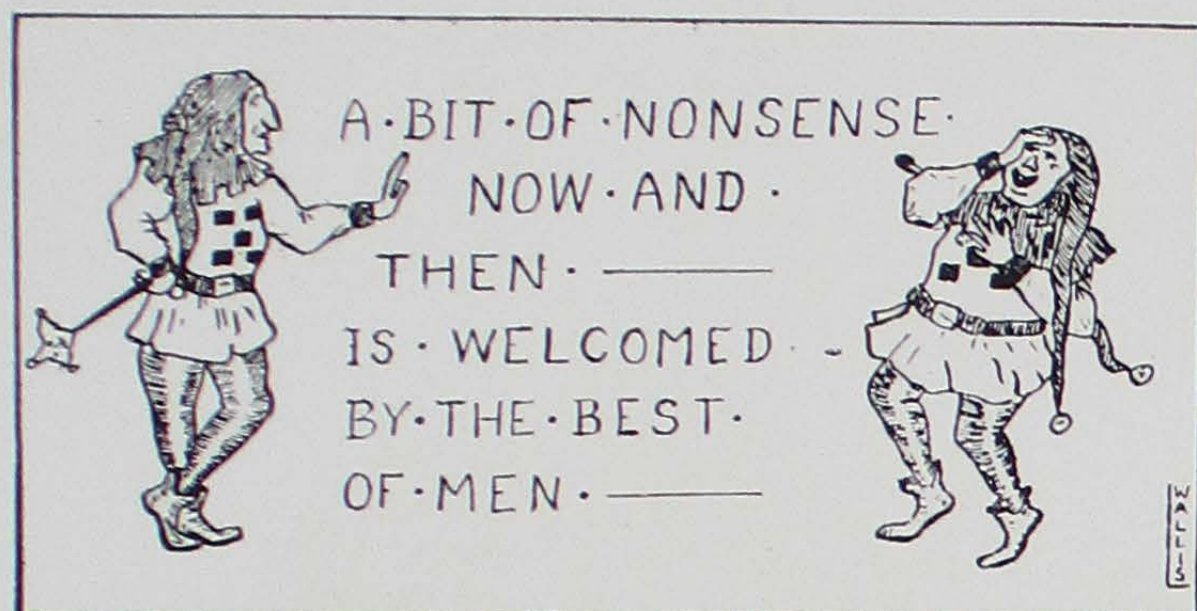
CHORUS:—

Oh! you old Ames High!
Oh! you old Ames High!
You are always fair and square,
You are brave and bold,
Honor high you hold,
No pains to win your spare.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Oh! you old Ames High!
Oh! you old Ames High!
With your hearty Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rixy! Raxy! Sis! Boom Bah!
Ames High! Ames High! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Oh! Ames High! Rah! Rah! Rah!

2. Let us listen and we'll hear,
Some one giving a loud cheer,
For the girls in orange and black,
For they no honor lack.
They have won in all their games,
So let us cheer our girls of Ames,
With our Rixy and our Raxy,
We'll praise them every one,
With our Rixy! Raxy! Sis! Boom Bah!
Ames High! Rah! Rah! Rah!

CHORUS:—





Byron Knapp (coming into one of Champ's classes): "Br-r-r its cold in here."

Mr. Champlin: "Well you can go some place where it is warmer."

"The world is old yet likes to laugh
 New jokes are hard to find
 A whole new editorial staff
 May help out some—but mind
 If you find an ancient joke
 Decked up in modern guise
 Don't frown and call the thing a "poke"
 Just laugh—don't be too wise."

Will some one kindly tell the Prep
 That 'tween brake and break there's quite a step
 "Fair maiden you'll my heart surely brake
 It's up to you to mar or make"
 To think some Preps using this is a trial
 And to boot thinks he using it right all the while
 So will some one kindly tell him this.
 That a mile is a whole lot worse than a miss.

Ramey (watching the name of the new building being bro't into place): "Ah: there's the other half of the school going up!"

Ask "Pete" why he wears a red bandana handkerchief around his head every night.

Miss Bray: "Robert Leffler. what are you doing now."

Bob: "Marking up her handkerchief."

Miss Bray: "Is it yours?"

Bob: "I dunno—(hopefully) it has my name on it."

Mr. Champlin: "Say, boy, if you don't believe I'll throw you overboard. Why can't you recite? What's the matter?"

Boy: "I'm seasick."

Mixa: "I have come to you here in the West from the East. I like your state, your town, your school and your girls. I am here. I have come to stay."

Chorus in unison: "Watch Ames Grow."

Eggie: "They have saw." And he graduates this year.

SLIPS

Frances I started the Isthmus of Panama.
The battle was fought near their dough manes.
He threw his army across the river.

St. Peter: "Who are you?"

Person applying for admission: "An Ames High student."

St. Peter: "You have read 'The Spirit'?"

A. H. S. Student: "Yes."

St. Peter: "Have you paid for a subscription?"

Student: "Well no I——."

St. Peter: "Enough—first elevator down."

Mabel Law in "Caesar": "Caesar led two veterinary legions up the hill (veteran legions.)"

Robert Barnes in Latin 2 translating 'Scribite, puellae, and parentes colidic': "Write to the girls every day."

Anita: "You know Glen isn't a bit of a pill. A pill is a fellow that can hold a girl's hand ten minutes without squeezing it."

Anna fell down stairs and lost her pumps
As well as gaining a few hard bumps
But Hick picked up her pumps and her
And hopes it never again would occur.

We hear that Medora writes some notes
To the little man on whom she dotes.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF AMES HIGH

1. Stuff the bells with paper or other non-conductors of sound. Otherwise their noise may prove disturbing.
2. Chew gum at all times. It keeps your teeth from rattling when you close your mouth.
3. Carve your monograms on all desks. It gives them a finished appearance.

4. If you want to speak to someone across the room, throw a note. It saves the teacher the trouble of granting you permission to speak.

5. Crush chalk on the floor at all times. It covers up some of the spots.

6. Throw all waste paper on the floor. The waste basket is purely ornamental.

7. Do not attempt to explain your conduct to a teacher, whether guilty or innocent. It only makes matters worse.

8. Congregate in the halls if desirous of discussing matters of common interest.

9. Walk on your heels in preference to your toes.

10. Last but not least, speak when you're spoken to, come when you're called. —By Order of Principal.

Query (at a base ball game): "Why do they have a man on each base?"

Whew! Say why do they?

Beth (translating in German): "If you loved me you would marry yourself."

Miss Payton: "Florence how old was Dickens?"

Florence: "I don't know—He was twelve years younger than somebody."

While the decorating committee was at work before Junior reception day, Warren and Violet were fixing the cozy corner. Warren suggested they use chairs with arms. Violet rebelled: "Use your own arms," she said.

Recitation: His father died and then moved to Yorkshire.

A gravedigger dug a grave for a man named Butten. When the bill came it read: "One Button-hole \$4.00."—Ex.

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compound of stuff
Dropped a match in a vial
And after a while
They found his front teeth and one cuff.—Ex.

Miss Johnson (hearing children outside at recess): Oh quit. (Force of habit—you know.)

Freshie: "What part of the body is the scrimmage?"

Mr. Roach: "Wha-a-at?"

Freshie: "I saw in an account of a foot ball game that several were hurt in the scrimmage."

FOOLISHNESSES

1. I'm in love with a capital L.
2. I saw a cap walking down town the other night.
3. They hired a room for four men eight feet long and ten wide.

Teacher: "Marvin Russell, what are you doing?"

"Short": "A writin' on a piece of paper. Want to see it?"
(hopefully.)

Teacher: "No indeed I do not."

Ah! she was on that time, Short!

TENNIS A LA DARLING

(Gladys Hultz.)

Dearest Jack:—

I've been missing your letters. Dear boy, why don't you write? Is work so engrossing as all that? I've been thinking of you even if I have been busy. Gerald came out Saturday and wanted me to go to a tennis game out at the Country Club. He called it a "match," but I couldn't see why until I saw the game. Oh! Jack! the dearest little girl played against a great, big, tall man and he beat her too. I thought it was horrid of him to do that but Gerald kept shouting "Bully, old man" and seemed to be glad he was winning. I didn't think he was going to, he was so nice to her throughout the game. Kept calling "40 Love." I wondered if he thought as much of her as you do of me.

It was kind of nice of him to call her "Love" so every one could hear but I think its nicer to sit in the hammock together where no one can hear. Don't you? and Jack—they had a hammock and wouldn't use it. Imagine! They just batted horrid little felt things over it and kept calling each other "Love" and once really Jack I felt sorry for the man—she must have felt particularly vicious for she sent one ball with her snow shoe right over the hammer and hit him on the head.

After that he wasn't good natured a bit and pretty soon she threw down her shoe like she was mad and went off and a big tall girl called on but didn't stay long because he didn't like her. I didn't watch it much because I was busy looking to see if the little girl had a nice man off the field too. I guess the big tall man was watching too for he didn't play very well, but I noticed he called the tall girl "Love" too. It was probably just to make the little one jealous though.

I kept calling the place they play on, the field—Gerald said that it was named the court. I can see why they call it that in one sense of the word. Can't you? Pretty soon my nice little

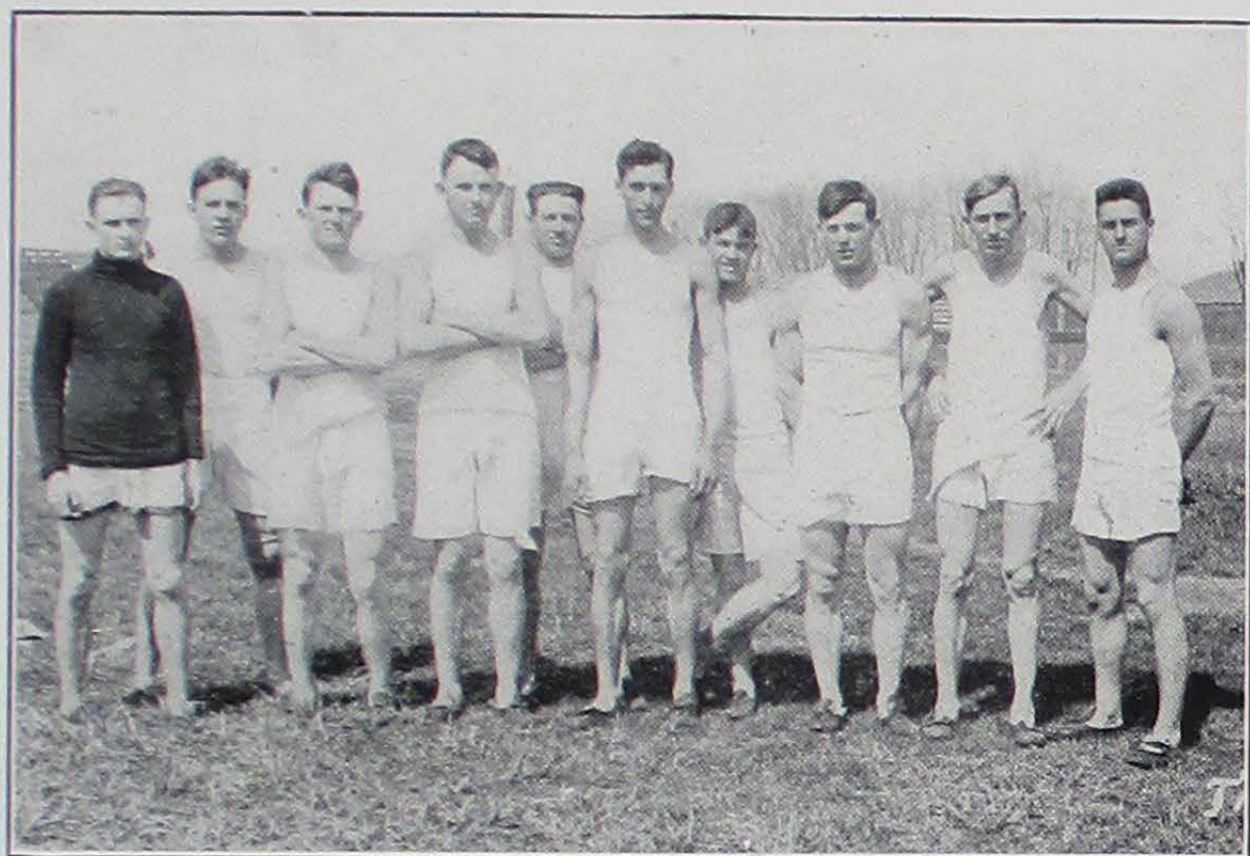
girl came back and picked up her shoe. She played pretty hard and soon ran toward the hammock like she wished he'd come too but he only ran away from her like a big coward—he shouldn't have acted so grand if he didn't want her to like him. But I was going to tell you—as she ran forward she slipped and fell down. Then he did run but it was towards her this time and just when he got there she gave a little scream and fell over on his shoulder. It reminded me of that night at Colpe when we were out on the water and that great big moon looked so wise. Do you remember?

I forgot, though, to tell you about the big man and the dear little girl. She sprained her ankle I guess. He looked awful sorry and finally he just picked her up and carried her off the courting place but he didn't get far, let me tell you! A great big fat man toddled out and said for him to put her down. It must have been her father (or his) I'm awful glad my father isn't so cross! Just then she woke up but she didn't seem to want to get down at all. It was just about then that I understood why Gerald called it a "match." Oh! by the way! that wasn't her father, it was a doctor and he put her in his auto and took her away and left the big man standing there looking so sad. He decided to go home too then, though land knows the big tall girl wanted him to stay bad enough. So we all went though I couldn't for the life of me see why every one should go when he did.

Gerald says there'll be another match tomorrow between the same man and another girl but I just bet there won't be 'cause that nice man never could forget so cute a little girl in just one night and enter another "match" the next day. Do you think so! And Jack just think of the "matches" there must be during one summer. The license bureaus must be kept busy. I remarked that I was going to learn to play tennis 'cause I thought it must be nice to pick out your own man. Gerald only laughed and said he guessed he'd learn to play with me. I don't see anything funny about that and I'm sure I don't want to play a "match" with him. He's coming up tonight to tell me something very important. I guess from his note. I do hope he's a little more enthusiastic over you. I try to make him be, Jack, honest I do, but he was awful cross last time so I don't dare talk any more.

Lovingly,
"Darling."





High School Track Team.



Clapper Finishing Mile Run.

ATHLETIC

The spring athletic season of 1912 has come and gone and must now go into the annals of history. By many people it is looked upon as only a repetition of preceeding seasons, with maybe a few surprises sprinkled in. But with us it is far different from any we have ever been in. We have had the same and even greater difficulties to meet with than before, but never have we put forth such a united effort as we have this year. The new Athletic Association is largely responsible for this combined effort of the school. There is no one place where more enthusiasm is shown than at our athletic assemblies. Some time ago a favorite expression around here was "Our school hasn't any pep." That expression is fast losing popularity and the only ones who repeat it now are the common loafers and drones that are to be found in any community.

As for the actual work done this year we have a record that we may well be proud of. For the first time in five years the

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track team beat Marshalltown and beat them bad. The score was 85 to 33. At the Indianola meet Ames won 16 points and took fourth place. At the Iowa City meet Ames got 11 points and at the State meet 6 points which is the best Ames has ever done at that event. Raymond Jones has been a splendid captain and has done good work for the team. He and Clapper are entered for the Inter-scholastic at Chicago.

The base ball men have had all kinds of difficulties to overcome this year. Through it all they have worked faithfully and fought hard for Ames High. Only five games were scheduled. Two were lost to Jefferson. Two were won from Nevada, and one from Mitchellville.

"Bill" Davis has done good work as captain and short stop. He and the old battery will be back for next year.

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ALUMNI NOTES



The Alumni-Senior banquet in honor of the class of 1912 occurs Monday evening May 27th, for which the following heads of committees have been selected: Finance, Ben Walker '09; Decoration and Invitation, Mrs. Glendora Bryant Wallis, '04; Date, Mary Kintzley '10; Music, Percy Ellis '09. The officers for the following year are: President, Bernice O. Shugart, '06; Vice President, Bess Griffith, '05; Secretary, Earl Kooser, '08; Treasurer, Myrtle Hubbard, '09.

When J. W. Ramsey, a prominent citizen and banker of Rock Rapids, Iowa, was afflicted with heart trouble and died on April 5th, last, his wife, Agatha West Ramsey, of the class of 1880, was proffered his place on the school board.

All the Alumni who were permitted to witness the Senior class play, "Tommy's Wife" are united in declaring it up to the usual standard of plays set by the preceding classes. It was an undoubted success from every point of view.

In the Pupils' Recital which took place at the college April 23rd, Nive Nichols '08, Bessie Griffith '05 and Gladys Ufford '08, contributed to the program.

Miss Ruth Barrett, '08, (I. S. C. '12) will spend the coming year abroad with her mother. Miss Barrett is already an accomplished musician, and will continue the study of music in Paris.

Miss Florence Caldwell, '07, goes to Browns Valley, Minn., next year, where she will teach Home Economics in the high school.

In the Commencement musical feature, "The Belle of Saratoga," to be presented by Monica Graham Stultze, Miss Gladys Ufford '08, and Miss Jean Sloss, will appear in prominent parts on the caste.

Dr. Lew McElyea has been appointed state veterinarian in the State of Kentucky this spring. This is fine for one who has been out of school such a short time.

Miss Carrie Hunter, '08, will have charge of the Domestic

Science in the High School at LeMars, Iowa, next year.

Miss Laura Jones, '09, was page in the May Day exercises held at the college this spring.

In a home talent play recently held at the Baptist church Miss Laura Niles '11, Mr. Will Hauser '11, both took part.

Miss Carrie Brown, '08, will teach Domestic Science in the High School at Columbus, Nebraska, after September 1, 1912.

W. T. (Tommy) Smith, '07, came back from California for a week's visit with friends in Ames.

Wm. Beardshear, Jr. '07, receives his masters degree at Columbia U. this month, and returns to Ames for a visit before taking up his work for the summer.

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